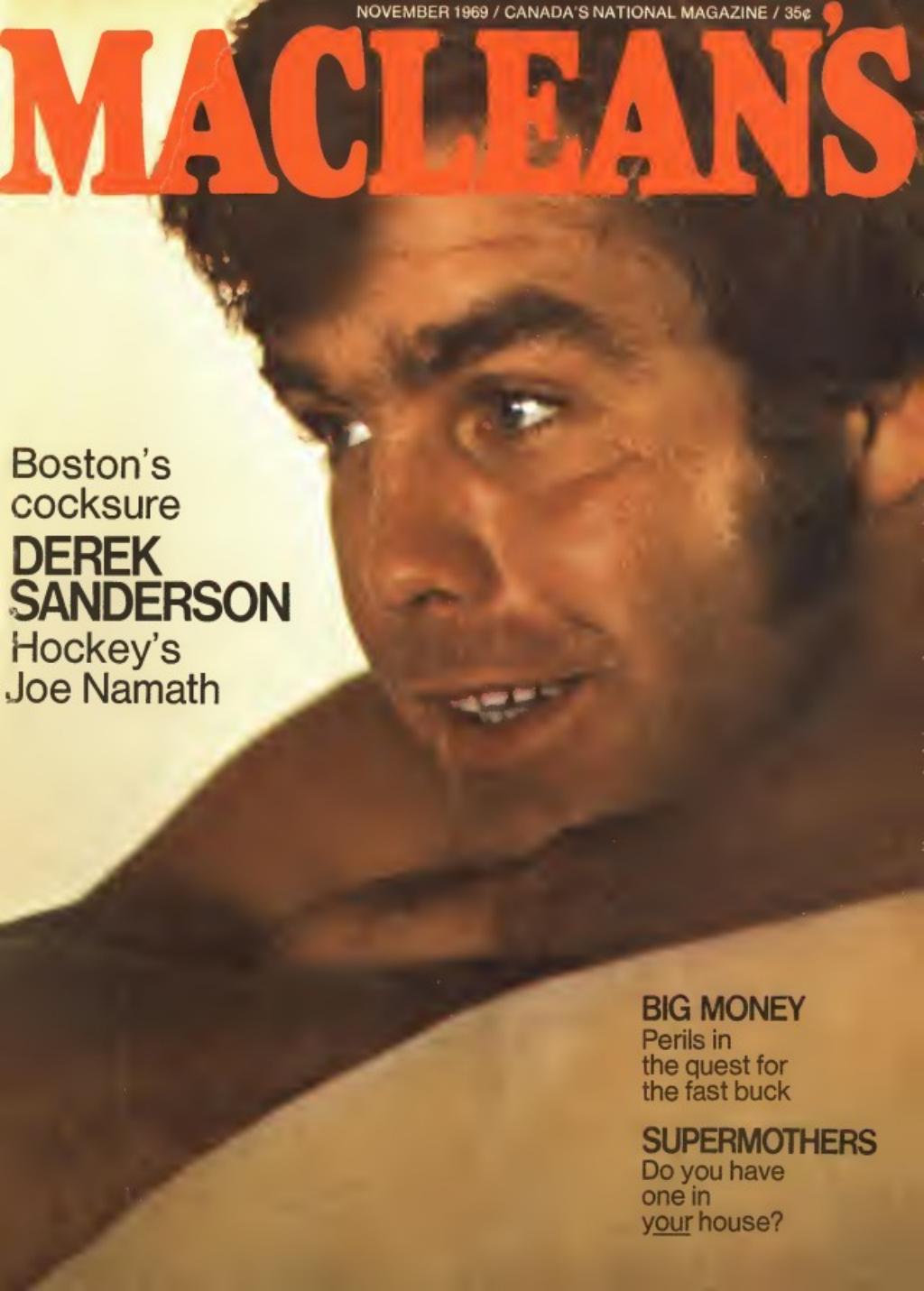


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Canada Report

NOVEMBER 1989

1 CANADIAN IN 5 IS POOR, MAD—AND GETTING MADDER

CANADA'S poor, three million of them women, have been slow to public anger. That may not be counted as much longer, for they are proving quick to learn.

For the first time since the hunger marches of the 1930s in Regina and Ottawa, one-ranking ministers are being properly chastised over rent strikes, city-hall demonstrations, unions at legislature, a sophisticated use of television, radio and lobbying. A new breed of self-advocacy is breaking out in Canada, disturbing anger from Britain an anguish one-fourth as great of all Canadians in the big bad, frustration from a welfare system that keeps them poor, and anger from student rebellions. British rent squatters and slum renters in the United States. They are organizing — in Montreal, Toronto, Calgary, Victoria, Kingston, Ottawa. They demand more welfare, less degradingly administered, but also changes in the unequal conditions that surround them. So conservative a leader as Premier Barry Mora of Alberta candidly fears the frustrated poor may "revolt against their conditions" —即刻 spontaneous violence."

In Victoria an Ontario Federal Health and Welfare Minister John Munro sat in silence, but an audience applauded, as a woman said: "I'm a single mom. I need my children well off all my aids. I didn't know if I could afford to buy my son welfare. I gave to God I can't get enough."

In Calgary, Mrs. Mary Alice Payne and Mr. Marvyn Fenton spoke to Alberta Social Development Minister Ray Spokane on behalf of a reform group called No Other Way (NOW). They told of the foundation of vouchers in a supermarket, of clerks stamping WELFARE on their shopping bags, of children having no present infant vaccines to teachers hiding their diaries for books. A young Calgary mother went walk with her baby half a dozen blocks

daily for fresh milk and other food — the dairy store and the butcher refuse to accept vouchers.

"Unless we make some real progress in striking a better deal for the poor, Canada will experience explosive violence," Dr. C. F. Bentley, dean of agriculture at the University of Alberta, warned this summer. Some 20,000 young people asked a Toronto group of poor, who hardly call themselves the "poor," how they can help. "You can start your own stabilized settlements from the inside," replied the tenor's spokesman, John McCrae. In Victoria a social worker, Ray Clinton, born down size of the most despotic welfare housing, he says: "The next step has to be violence against things." A young mother of two, part of NOW's 250,000 poor who are forming political action groups, adds, "Why shouldn't we fight with violence? We have so little to lose."

The Economic Council of Canada says a shocking \$6 million, or 41 percent of

BY COURTNEY TOWER

Canadians, are poor. A more conservative ECC says 10.5 million, or 40 percent of the country live below \$13,000 a year, or below the poverty line of a family of four, \$17,000 Canadian (\$7,200 U.S.); 10 percent

A majority of poor people are on welfare, perhaps about 1.2 million. The ECC says most poor people per month receive less than they receive in welfare payments. A national rate with two children pays more on income alone than \$2,700 a year. Overstressing, the ECC says, helps keep the poor first world. Finance Minister Edgar Benson says the economy would lose 10 billion dollars if he reduced taxes on low-income people.

In that wealthy land

□ At least 3,000,000 children under 16 are in poverty. In families that earn less than \$4,000 a year, only one child in eight completes post-high school.

□ Some 380,000 women with 1,000,000 children are on welfare. There are 3,000,000 poor women in Canada — women are the bulk of the poor.

□ One in five of Canada's 3,600,000 non-family families earn below \$3,000 a year. More than 160,000 have less than \$1,000 a year. Almost 500,000 rural families earn less than \$3,000 a year.

□ In metropolitan Calgary, the poverty of 20 depends on welfare. About 14M of them are children and one third are headed by a woman who has been widowed, divorced, separated or deserted. That one-in-20 figure also applies in "Good Life" British Columbia. One hundred thousand persons are on welfare in Alberta, about 30,000 in Montreal, about 35,000 in Metro Toronto.

It is not at all surprising are squatting growing fortunes on welfare. Expenditures by all governments on health and social welfare in 1980-81 were \$13,350,800,000 or 8.2 percent of the gross national product. By 1984-85 health and welfare expenditures had risen to \$16.7 billion, still only 9.4 percent of the GNP. In 1987-88, all governments in Canada spent roughly \$17 billion.

A self-help-attitude is that welfare recipients are not-to-do-well clerks, not workers. The ECC says, "The is simply incorrect — most of the poor are ready to take appropriate job opportunities." Only 27 percent of the poorest of all Canadians below the poverty line comes from government payments — and most of these are the family-clawback cheques and old-age pensions that everybody gets. Only 10 or 12 percent of all people on welfare are employable unemployed. The rest are unemployable □



The Smirnoff Brunch: Worth dropping by for.

Nothing makes brunch take off like Smirnoff. Real Smirnoff. It's what revs up the Screwdrivers and gets your souffle off the ground. And only a Smirnoff Bloody Mary can make Eggs Benedict sprout wings. Brunch without Smirnoff? A crashing bore.

Always ask for **Smirnoff** it leaves you breathless
VODKA

MACLEAN'S REPORTS NOVEMBER 1988

unemployed, they are old, mentally or physically ill, or are unsupported mothers of dependent children.

The EEC especially criticizes overreaction of the poor. The poor mostly live in areas where school facilities and teachers are inadequate, where the environment encourages dropping out. There is wage discrimination against women, who head more welfare families. Federal manpower-training efforts do not work, and are not aimed at the most vulnerable groups. There is an inevitable problem of "lengthy caretakers": federal, provincial, municipal and private welfare efforts, which leave poor people isolated and confused about their rights.

The welfare bureaucracy lives by inflexible rules, which can keep a family down. A family is not permitted to earn enough extra money, above its welfare cheque, to help itself economically and often suddenly so that it can go off welfare. Ontario refuses to pay income supplements to persons who are employed but are under the poverty line, although Ontario will contribute to that under the Canada Assistance Plan.

There are infinite schedules of payments for rents (always beyond affordability level), food and clothing. In Mon-

tréal, the maximum monthly revenue per married two adults and two children is \$180; the Montreal Day Dispensary says such a family should have a minimum of \$276, surviving decent and modest fees, rent, phone, groceries. Telephone bill assessors say they must apply take the rate away "out of the food," keep children home from school when they can't afford lunches.

"Welfare workers can be as rigid as the law," a social worker in Ottawa, advises. "I've often felt that to be poor is one's own fault." Social workers often barge into the homes of medium-size households not have households around, somehow relating to believe a man is not under or on this side. Many think welfare is charity, not as a right.

And so low-income pressure groups are fighting across the country. They are getting some attention. Under-educated, underprivileged residents of Montreal's St. Jacques district, where subsidized flats holdings run with Place des Arts, set up their own free medical clinic staffed by volunteer doctors. Now they are working on day-care centres for children (across Canada a shortage of such centres prevents mothers from working) and legal-aid programs. The spirit in St.

Jacques is exhilarating. "We are fed up with so-called charity," says a 42-year-old mother of five who receives just \$165 in social assistance.

The Melville Park Citizens Committee, body pressuring a six-block downtown development project in Montreal, is challenging the right of private enterprise to do as it pleases without the consent of less. Several groups are applying for tax-free status in Toronto and other cities. Through Canadian groups protest the replacement of diverse housing by expensive highrises, while public housing is insisted on cheap land rates from oligopolistic, schools and shopping.

Ottawa has a massive poverty and welfare study underway, but sources say to expect no action soon. The Conservatives and NDP say a guaranteed minimum income for everyone would cut the welfare jungle, remove many of the disruptions of removing welfare by supplication. Prime Minister Trudeau recently publicly passed about this proposal, saying it will have to be discussed sometime or other. Whether or not a guaranteed income is the answer, the affluent poor can be expected to step up the pressure on Trudeau for leadership in resolving Canada's welfare mess. □

THE NORTH . . .

Waiting for the cheque is still a way of life

IN THE FRONT WINDOW of the little wood-frame community hall in Macduffair, Ont., an Indian scrawls down a poster that declares:

WE WILL WAIT NO LONGER.

Waiting is only a start. Waiting is a way of life in Macduffair, a village of 400 odd that lies on a walkway.

Macduffair, on the east shore of Lake Nipigon, 300 highway miles northeast of the Lakeshead, has no economic reason to exist. Half the 30 families are treaty Indians, the rest are Métis and a handful of whites. For most, there is no way to earn a steady income. A few raise fish Lake Nipigon, but, in the name of conservation, commercial fisheries are banned.

Bride hunting, trapping and guiding—well poorly paid occupations—that are just a few seasonal jobs, and so Macduffair depends on welfare. Paul Desautel, who runs the post office in the store where his parents carry 60 customers on credit, estimates that sometimes 100 wel-



Chief Mike Hardy is working for justice in Macduffair

fare cheques a month come in—an average of two per family. One family, with several unemployed teenagers, gets five welfare cheques. The largest families receive about \$420 a month as welfare payments, with Baby Bonuses besides. During one (typical) flood last winter, provincial welfare assistance to Macduffair residents rose to \$2,300 and involved 106 people (23 cheats, 82 dependents); in July, 130 people got assistance totaling about \$2,300.

"We simply being on welfare are not handicapped. You don't feel angry," explains Louis Hardy, 61, now the school trustee but often unemployed and on welfare. "You just feel like great but buying yourself unnecessary."

Many teenagers lack that pride, or have had it driven from them. "They've

quit their jobs because they know they can get on welfare," says Mrs. Ray Herd. Few stay in school beyond grade eight. The boys see no job ahead, and the girls drop out, more often than not, pregnant.

Welfare expands little year-to-year, among young or old. The village houses chronically with stories of outrageously low payments, flat-busted field workers and unaffordable red tape—stories that ones mostly sold exaggerations. Nobody volunteers bad stories of field workers waiting sympathetically at major meetings of regulators or visiting neighbours for assistance, on-the-spot relief. (As many do.)

At the same time, there's a certain air of apathy around Macduffair.

The Lake Nipigon Métis Association and the Lakeshead branch of the Congress of Young Canadians talk of getting a guaranteed grant to start a plant to make pet food and fertilizers out of the excess fish that fishermen must now discard. But nobody knows what such a place would cost, or one has assessed whether it could really compete for a share of the market.

Some old-timers say they've heard such talk before. They'll just going to wait and see. Waiting is out that the people of Macduffair are well prepared to do.

HAL TENNANT

TORONTO

'The Just Society' talks of smashing welfare charity

THE JUST SOCIETY is to be found in Toronto, living on welfare. Its home is the third floor of an old red-brick row house swathed in demolition, where the furniture is cardboard boxes, two cheap kitchen chairs and a sign stuck-to a wall saying "Poverty Is No Disgrace, Just Ridiculously Inconvenient." Its members are 300 of Toronto's 200,000 poor. Its name is heterodoxified.

"Sobriety is what we are talking about, to tell down the whole government and welfare system to people who cannot afford it," says Doris Power. He is an ardent spokesman for The Just Society, whose members consist, amazingly, young men whose voices and personas are shrill and raucous. "I am personally not interested in恭顺ness," he avows. A group of earnest if slightly wan-faced social workers, clergymen and others who come to ask how they can help—"Anything, she is just accepting the speech."

Some interacting with the system to improve it for poor people are more scrupulous than Doris Power, an indomitable girl who lives on welfare and has three children to Mooney's care. She sits on the floor, in a neighbor's dining room, offering an appeal for sponsors to save the 65-year-old Bolton Camp that gives poor Toronto-area families outdoor summer holidays. "I don't like doing this, or all the poor people's grievances we fight, just pressing for less here and less there," she says. "But we have limited funds." She says the camp, which she founded, has lost its own rents since money for food and education. So we work for what we can get now, while repressing and discounting the concern of our poverty."

Mrs. Power lectures to 20 radio clubs to help save Bolton Camp. She earns \$35 for the camp and \$80 for The Just Society. It is a compromise that Mooney puts up with reluctantly. But between these two styles—agitation for massive change and attacking speeches—The Just Society is becoming a poor people's force in Toronto, an effective union and protest. It is getting wide newspaper and television attention, being asked to state its grisly views in political parties and talk-fests of strategists. Welfare administrators and churchmen meet with it. More than 100 social workers, clergy and professional people support it as an associate member.



The Just Society was founded by Mrs. Power and Mrs. Suzanne Polgar after they met, with their six children, at Fresh Air Camp, run by a church, in 1983. "We saw again the usual attitude, that there's something wrong with these people who are poor," Mrs. Power says. "And there was something wrong—the premises had really gotten to us. I was certainly falling into the trap of just accepting."

The beginning group of mothers talked "only of mundane things, like no clothes for school and children dropping out because they knew they were different," Mrs. Power recalls. "Then we got into why it's that way." Now the mostly middle-aged women, some old people, working poor and John Mooney, a usually unpaid 33-year-old poor poet and writer, indispensable master, distributor and trouper.

The women often appeared on television last summer, discussing a real say in control of welfare, education, rents and development who run neighborhoods to put up higher rents. They then vowed that are giving currency to the United States, about forcing governments and industry to share their power with people right in their own communities and factories. Mrs. Polgar and Mooney told a Liberal Party meeting. "We don't want the guaranteed annual wage. It will just harden the existing divisions in society and put the bureaucrats even more in control of people."

"The poor are the people this year," Mrs. Power says with tired bitterness. "Suzanne and I and others have been elected to welfare boards, but it's all talk and bluster. You know, take a poor person to discuss kind of thing."

Mrs. Power and Mooney attempted to present a petition to Fresh Air Master Trainer in Toronto in August—and learned it is ordinary middle-class people who decide the poor, and could articulate to them. "Sweet little ladies sit at us and call us little bastards," Mrs. Power recalls. "They were the easiest ones. It's pretty hard to say your children throw on the ground by race business. They want us to realize the miserable poor."

Mrs. Power aid an alliance of receiving \$220 a month on welfare for herself and children, aged three, five and seven, of paying \$355 a month for a four-room town house and clothing her children in church-meets hand-me-downs. Neighbors immediately stopped their children playing with her and her son's education was put on his parents. But Michael, the oldest boy, was already aware of what poverty is. Five-year-old Cindy first heard the word when listening to her mother on radio and asked what it meant. "Family benefits," replied her brother. □

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CANADIAN WHISKY



Do you remember Perry Anderson? You should

It is not a novel experience for the rights of a state to be violated in the passion of struggle for the Rights of Man, as Perry Anderson's rights were violated. Perry Anderson—do you even recognize the name?—is the assistant professor at Sir George Williams University in Montreal who was accused of racism by Shock students, an association that had essentially run the university last February of the university's two-million-dollar computer center, to 100 arrests, to a political uproar that resounded from Parliament Hill to the Caribbean sea. The voice of Perry Anderson was drowned in all the noise. He became a forgotten man. In July, inconspicuous news stories disclosed that a Hearing Committee of the university had issued a 12-page report as the Anderson affair and had found no scrap of evidence to support the charge of racism.

Perry Anderson is 29, as young as some of his students. Against. For half a year he lived with the disgruntled smarm of racism. During that period, his wife, now a child, his young sister, a student at St. George's, had to leave college. During the months of his quietude, he told Dorothy Eber, author of *The Computer Casanova*, he had to battle to stay sane and come close to a nervous breakdown. When it was over, he was excited to say nothing, letter about the students. But when he damaged the university administration, he said—and Mrs. Eber reports he said it with an edge to his voice—"They did not give me due reward."

The cause of the process—that is the central lesson of the tragedy at St George, an restitution with a liberal and humane tradition. The inquiry procedures that gave Anderson his only chance to answer the issue were contaminated by manipulation through militant students and the press. They were held in an atmosphere of threat.

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"I care what I see

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The committee accepted these comments (Issue and Scope), with minor edits and made a minor revision of the document. This document is now available online at www.iau.org.

**One of our
prodigal sons
has returned.**



Canadian Lord Calvert.

From right: 3 former Canadians in the U.S. Oscar Poersch, Gary Lambshead, Canadian Lord Calvert
One has retouched for word.



INSIDE MACLEAN'S

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在於此，我們可以說，這就是「人」的本質。

STORY OF ZOOLOGY - Volume 1, now revised and enlarged, has recently been published. It contains 1000 illustrations and 1000 pages. It is intended for use in schools and universities.

Henry LARDINI — Death Row, Florida Page 19 Northern Indiana Press, Page 20, Scruffy Antics, Page 20-21, Orange page 21, Lovers I Dance, Page 22 Chuck Dines Trial, 23, Scruffy Antics, Page 23.

If you're usually making more than 10 copies and you're not using the Gestetner Process, you're wasting money.



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Left: 484 model. Available
Countrywide.
Right: 2011 series.

TALKBACK

Taxpayers' revolt: 'About time' / The math: 'Frighteningly prophetic' / Our schools: 'Society must change first'

Short article: *Taxpayers' Revolt* was a job well done & I wish others have expressed our strong feelings about tax spending at all levels of government. It is prepared to pay for performance, but not when \$35 out of every \$100 salary increase I receive is taken away. — DON MILLS, TORONTO

AAVE YUGANDER, RANCHOVIA, ARIZ.
I begin to question your sanity
J. G. MIRAL, TORONTO

* I can suggest one positive step that could be taken to reduce the tax burden: elimination of the subvention to publishers in the form of postal rates that do not cover the cost of the service.
C. L. TOSKEL, TORONTO

* A natural part of what may happen before the people who spend our money realize that Canadians are hourly sick of paying exorbitant taxes especially when we know that officials are going down the drain at all levels of government. The prime minister from the comments of some departmentalists in this year's budget — but not his own — indicates that most of his ministers are entitled to the letter "W.H." — W. CHAPMAN, REGGAEON, ONT.

* Society is no less a bunch of jokers engaged in a discussion of Usinger political philosophy in some deep Disney beverage shop! — D. CUPPER, GLENBROOK, ONT.

* German Grey must really have a distorted view of humor.
MILLY JANE B. E. CRANE, VANCOUVER

'Worst thing said about me'

One of the publicity releases sent out by your publication describes reference to my article *Let's Tax Toronto And Montreal*. This describes me as a Progressive Conservative senator. I thought you should know that this is not true. I have never been a member of the Progressive Conservative party. I am a Conservative, but I certainly wouldn't want my daughter to marry one.
RONALD HETHER RYAN, TORONTO

* Senator Deller's proposal that city politicians be taxed while a popular local tax on millionaires is removed fails to take account of the ever-increasing pressure to organize business society on a fiscalistic basis rather than with geographical or political districts. The technological explosion demands that business will continue to increase geographically and communally at the same time. In my opinion, Senator Deller's proposal to the City Province of Toronto and with an oil price inflation in Mandan? Equally, we want the friendly, warm neighbourhood of our past, but our

industrial and scientific superstructure as well as our short members won't allow it. We must find a middle ground, but we must recognize that if we want a very neighborhood that is a disaster. It might be somewhat political. Senator Deller's proposal would not only increase individual family and greater worldwide expenses. We should divide ourselves even further at our peril.
BRIAN J. WALLACE, MONTREAL, QUE.

Alcoholics & their families

Philip Sylor, article: *The Club Of The Alcoholics* was excellent. Help is available for the spouses of alcoholics in Al-Anon. For the child who is Al-anon, the children in Al-Anon meetings the children learn they are not alone, that other children live with the problem, and they learn to detach themselves emotionally from their parents. Al-Anon has groups in almost every town. There are Al-Anon and Alateen groups in most communities in Canada and the U.S. Toy horsey, Information, contact our head-quarter, P.O. Box 152, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10119
DAVID WINTERHOLD, VANCOUVER

'Insecurity underlying our assault on the north'

Also Edwards' article *Powers' terrible mistake* because of the attitudes expressed by the man who goes around North America of "infecting the wilderness" and "infecting the world". I would hardly believe that we have to reflect his extreme ethnocentrism complex. We can't stand the idea that we are not the superior being we think we are, so we try to prove otherwise by comparing nature in 10 or 20 years "you won't see the north country" — not that what exists there will. A frighteningly prophetic statement — RAYMOND STEWART, VICTORIA

MONTREAL AT CHERCHELLE PARK
Mont's desire to move the northern wildness reflects his infatuation complex.

Ferguson made the Star shine

As a committee member of the Montreal Board for the past six years, I feel I should acknowledge some of the statements in Quebec. From "AU About It" in *The Latest Answer* (See Report). The idea that one would have "scarcely justified" the French that stated, as that the people were "fiercely patriotic", "their French culture", before Prime Minister Trudeau came into office, fall in sharply contradicts to history. Mont correctly deserves the credit for intervening when in giving in to Quebec to the English-speaking population of Montreal and Canada's only native in George Ferguson, now Editor Emeritus of *The Montreal Star*. All the time that he was editor of the *Star*, he was a simple man so much hope and fear. After all, it was George Ferguson who in classic, precise and ever so magnificently competent editorials presented that evolution in an open perspective.
LAURENCE L. IMPERIAL, OTTAWA

English, it's alive and well

Re "Montreal Attacks Article, Q. We Keep On Doing Our Thing And Shoving Our Ass Off The North" — Peter Hyslop To Talk As long as new words are being invented it proves that we are not losing our language. Translation, advertising and web site MONT'S BLAZING GALLEY

The trouble with schools

Your series of the school system (*Our Schools*, *Our Classrooms*) did not concentrate the attention of the public on Canada's schools. In your statistics, there is a teacher shortage in numbers and especially in mathematics. American studies say the teacher-known-best attitude is dead. They have another report on the need for indigenous teachers or for the teacher known-best. The Indian school would be for preference in the Aboriginal spiritual, developmental, physical and mental strength — WENDELL BANNER, DEDSBURG, ALBERTA

* A comprehensive work full of a great many truths. It relates the type of the times and makes the educational tradition like myself realize that most of the wise ways are the best. But we're a lazy bunch and we like here to remain quiet in our comfort zone. — J. O'BRIEN, KENORA, ONTARIO

* Schools must turn out the type of "graduates" society demands. If there is no entitlement of the type of person the schools are producing, then society must accept much of the blame. The school will have to change before schools can change. Society is not static. Society changes when we are around all day at broadway, people have not learned to function within a framework of law and acceptable standards.
G. L. WARD, AYRPORT, NS

continued on page A8

The Suspension System Makes Her A Winner.

The Canadian National Championship. The World Championship Snowmobile Derby at Eagle River. The Winnipeg to St. Paul International 500. These are races that put snowmobiles to the test. Arctic Cat's advanced torsion spring suspension and side rail design meets the challenge time after time outperforming them all in durability and riding comfort.

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Moving house in the Arctic: A cass is invited from Drake Pt. to new oil-drilling site on Melville Island

They're all gamblers: the half-frozen oil riggers in the numbing Arctic, the edgy stock-market plunger, the troubled corporation probing the innards of the Canadian Shield. They're gambling for big stakes. The gamble may enrich or corrupt or break them. In this issue Maclean's presents three documents that show what can happen to men who dream of BIG MONEY

THE 'BLACK GOLD' RUSH OF '69



TEXT BY
PAT CARNEY
PHOTOGRAPH BY
JIM CARNEY

It's 5:30 in the morning at Melville Island's Res Point, where the day always begins with the weather. The radio equipment, fixed against one wall of the big plywood room, jangles with mumble voices from the Arctic outpost camp: "ResPointResPointResPoint, this is Sherrif Bay. Can you give us your weather?" Pease. Thump of feet hitting the cold floor. "Uh — temperature minus 15, ceiling 500 feet, visibility one-quarter mile, wind north-west 15, day — what the hell would you call that?" Obscured . . .

Res Point is a collection of red shacks shimmering like a mirage on Melville's frozen sand. The north coast of the Canadian mainland is 400 miles to the south, the North Pole only 400 miles away. In summer the island is a brown desert of woodies and eroding ridges and the polar sunbake showers on the offshore packice. In winter the sea fog creeps across the snow crust and the cold spreads through your clothes like a blue dye. They shot a wolf near Res Point not long ago. It froze rigid with the sand still on its face.

Question Since this *glacial* wilderness is clearly unfit for man or beast, why bother with it?

Answer Oil. That is the upper supply curve for the greatest oil search Canada has ever known. *Paraphrased* Oil Lacquer is gambling

between \$33- and \$43 million that the western hemisphere's largest untapped oil basin lies beneath their island. If the gamble pays off, it will change the balance of oil power in the world. In terms of Arctic exploration, no other country — nor even Russia — has attempted anything so bold. There has been b





⁴ Rechtsnachfolgerin einer Firma ist die, welche die Firma nach dem Tod ihres Besitzers weiterbetreibt.



At left: workers at Snake Pt
gravel pit haul 40 tons by
helicopter and tractor train
to the Sandy Pt. site.
Mats are placed beneath
the mats during grading so
the soil—above, coffee in the
background—mixes with the rough
gravels on the water needs
of the big sandstone canyons.



nothing like it in the Canadian system ever since the industry opened the west. This is Canada's answer to

Now it's 5:45 a.m. Outside, you can begin to make out the sunrise that cuts skier Yves Vandenbosch scratched out of the darkness just two years ago when walking his big Dell trailer 90 miles across the island. The trail is carpeted by slopes and ridges sloping through the northwest passage from Montreal, 3,200 miles away, and by a wristwatch reading the 1,000-mile trail from Edmonton or the 625-mile trail from Yellowknife.

The flight from Edmontons takes about 12 hours, depending on the weather. The aircraft is usually a Pacific Western Airlines DC-8 or DC-9, crowded with passengers, diesel mechanics, pilots, construction workers, truck drivers, oil-skimmers, mining crews, prospectors, a Sioux dog, crated bisoncalf parts, a suspended tractor track. A relief pilot sits down on the floor of the plane in an emergency situation, thus constituting a mobile living room, water and food. The ladies keep their services open at a pastry shop. This is an all-inclusive world.

The route north is past the tree line, over the barrens and across the Arctic coast. Once past the coast points usually true headings based on visual contact with either the sun, stars or ground. No radio bearings guide there and a compass is useless this close to the magnetic pole. The chances of reaching Res Point without being grounded by weather average one in four.

Question: So what's in this for me?

AMERICAN ENERGY: Energy, oil power and a Canadian company. Petro-Canada is a unique corporation of which the federal government, the largest single shareholder owns 43 percent. The remaining shares are held by Canada's leading oilfields and trans-

Other participants include Crispin Brammer, *Noranda Mines*; Bruce Petreille-Lauzon and Steve All present 70 percent of the Canadian petroleum industry is U.S.-owned. Panatex could change that. Only one of the 20 companies involved in this discussion.

the 6 a.m. the Matville world is unbelievably white. Ice crystals give a curiously hammered quality to the air. Helicopter pilot Ed Prout swings his jet-hurried Bell 205 chopped up and away with a dozen passengers and cargo. For Decatur



Vast riches at the top of the world—and every Canadian is a shareholder

is a mistake to attempt it out through the metal substation. It developed a 10 ft. gap to bring in Dene's system, involving superintendents, Ted Tovell and Stanislaus, and well expert End-All. They took three weeks to complete it. By the time, the Head's men were very bad because unusable, all the equipment had to be shifted to a lead shop and transported to the site. A fire at the works was quelled out with steam and dynamic. The crews thus plugged the hole and sealed the derrick cell. They sealed off the gas oven and sealed the derrick back as far below they could because the well will blow again.

Answer: Is about two million dol-

Geological surveys have been conducted to drill a well in the area. Nobody knows what it will cost to complete \$1.50 by the end of the year. Parastone will have drilled four wells in its 17-well program and the overall program for the past two years will have cost \$17 million. Only one such low-cost shale-diamond-type reservoir will justify the expense, but the odds are with Parastone. The volume of potential oil-saturated rockstones in one acre, discounted for the poor basin by the most recent reports, exceeds either of the Frascati and BC condensates.

At 9 a.m. Res Point calls Sherard Bay, 30 miles away, for an estimated time of arrival on PWA's Hercules. Sherard weather is temperature minus 22, ceiling 500 feet and broken visibility one mile and Mining zone, wind 25.

Conclude the radio room the sun low on the horizon burns lesser yellow through the inevitable fog bank. Gondwana lounge beneath the unbreakable boughs of a Mindoro foliage. For long days they have been trying to gain the science camp at Pan Bay on Louisa Island, 150 miles north, so usual 5200-⁰⁰ worth of equipment. But as far fuel space heaters and generators have had priority on all available aircraft.

The bathhouse beyond is a forest of brown, single-leaf oaks; green sleeping bags, framed papers, mosaics, bare light bulbs and walls festooned with shells and underwater. A sign on the wall says with simple directions, *run outside*. In the small expanse of space, men don't read their magazines, dressed in whatever is warmest. A barbecue pit lies silent in its bath, fully dressed.

Clustered around the rim of the prim
woodstove are a group of "juggies":
their faces blanched where the flesh has
frozen deep. There are the kids who
trudge over the snow and mud and mud

Scotch for people who know the difference.



Now more Canadians enjoy BLACK & WHITE than any other Scotch Whisky

THE CRASH continued

for the skill of the man's message. More curiously, these trusts routinely issued bonds and preferred shares as well as common stock — which meant they borrowed heavily to finance their purchases, thus becoming more recent and even more profit for the common shares — so long as the market kept rising.

Many trusts pushed the pyramid still higher by forming and buying into other trusts, which in turn formed and bought into still other trusts. As long as the market continued to rise, everyone got rich.

In these circumstances, the market was historically volatile. In November 1928, for instance, Canadian Marconi shares had risen from four to \$33, at a time when the company was earning only a penny a share. When Marconi's chairman, Sir Joseph Flavelle, told *The Financial Post* he thought the shares were priced too high, Marconi plunged within two days to seven dollars in New York and reached off a brief game that wiped out an estimated five billion dollars in share values.

But the market swiftly recovered. By the end of August 1929, stock prices reached historic levels: Consolidated Mining and Smelting, for instance, which sold for a high of \$39 in 1924, hit a 1929 high of \$100.

It had been three times, and on September 3 it did it again. On that day, the Dow-Jones average hit an unprecedented \$381.17. On Oct. 24, it had hit a high of \$320.51.

Then the slide began. General Electric dropped 50 points in a month. Consolidated Leadsmill fell from \$450 to \$380. There were rallies, some of them lasting only an hour or so, but the trend continued downward until October 25, when the New York Stock Exchange, in an orgy of panic selling, traded more than six million shares, more than three times the volume of an average busy day. Toronto traded 115,000 shares the next day, in normal terms, a good day's volume would have been 20,000.

The next day, a Thursday, started out even worse. The morning's trading was slow, pausing, stimulated only by a group of New York bankers who offered to support the market. They included J. P. Morgan, the Everlastings' vice-president, on to whose trading floor to find a dramatic bid of \$205 for U.S. Steel, slightly above the current price. Whitney's gesture stemmed that day's panic, and the market closed with a 13-point loss, less than a third the drop of the previous day. The volume in New York was nearly 13 million shares.

Funds held fairly firm on Friday and for the half-day's trading on Saturday. But frightened investors allowed their fears to accumulate all day Sunday and when the market opened on Monday,

Black Tuesday... what dreams were left collapsed. But a new Black Tuesday is impossible... isn't it?

October 28, the losses were astounding. Luca dropped \$11.75. Britannia Thracian dropped \$11.25. Was there no end to it?

Apparently not, for Tuesday — "Black Tuesday," as it's been known ever since — was the worst of all. By this time, the small, heavily marginized investors had been cleaned out. Now it was the big men who were selling, and because they needed cash to cover their margin calls, they were willing to sell at any price.

At the opening of trading in Montreal, one trader almost had his clothes torn off in the wild scramble on the floor. Passerby half a block away could hear the traders shouting like wounded bats

in the basement, trying to catch their dying colleagues. One trader was dead. He was弘扬ly cast out of his fellow-traders returned to watching the board.

And still the numbers plunged downward. Luca dropped \$11.87. Goodyear dropped \$30. National Steel Cos. fell \$69 to \$39. Cominco, which had traded \$125 earlier in the year, closed an Black Tuesday at \$23. When the bell rang in Toronto at 3 p.m. to end the day's trading, the men on the floor cheered.

But the day wasn't over. Along Bay and St. James Streets, usually deserted after business hours, the big Stock exchange and went until long after midnight, as clients fled enough to offend their local Faisce-Arrows visited these brokers to cover their margin — if they could. On that memorable day, New York had traded 16 million shares. Toronto had traded 16 million shares. Toronto stopped 47 points. It was worse, the phone wasn't ringing, no customers were being permitted to buy bonds, however, so themselves. Chrysler quickly dropped five points because they weren't selling as many cars as last year, and nobody had any way to earn when I asked what exactly, was supposed to be happening to the market?

But people in the money business are operators. They have to be. "Look at it this way," one customer man said. "The market may be slipping, but the economy's got to be fundamentally sound. Am I right?" □

was understandable. It was preposterous that an economy as palpably vigorous could be affected by the paper losses of a batch of speculators.

And yet it happened. Economists agree that the market crash didn't cause the Depression — which, in fact, already in 1929 there were indications — production levels, car-buildings and so on — that the economy was slowing down. But the crash unquestionably contributed to the psychology of doubt and fear, if the stock of mighty corporations was about worthless, what could you believe in?

The market cooled down after Black Tuesday, but prices continued to slide. By 1932, they had sunk to levels that were almost comical. Atibit, which dropped to \$35 in 1928, traded for 23 cents in 1933. Inco dropped to four dollars in 1932. People who bought stocks then and held on are rich men today. Broadcast Gordon Sinclair, one of the few Canadians who had money in the 1920s, bought some stocks then that he still holds today; the value of some of them has appreciated several hundred times.

So maybe there's a happy ending after all. At this writing, the bear market that began last April has shown no signs of accelerating after the tide of blood panic that characterized 1929. It has been an orderly retreat, not a rout, and by the time you read this, the market may be coming along again. The stocks that have been held are those that are deemed to be hot — aluminum, electronics and space and other stocks that traded at inflated multiples because everybody, including the big mutual funds, believed they would go up because everybody believed they would go up.

As any broker will tell you, 1969 isn't 1929. Markets are better managed and regulated, national economies and the world monetary system are more wisely controlled, productivity is real and growing. The recent stamp, they'll tell you, is a healthy sign; it shows that governments are capable of acting effectively to cool off an overheated economy and the markets let that refreshes it.

Still, you have to wonder. One afternoon late last summer I was in a brokerage office on a day when New York stopped 47 points. It was worse, the phone wasn't ringing, no customers were being permitted to buy bonds, however, so themselves. Chrysler quickly dropped five points because they weren't selling as many cars as last year, and nobody had any way to earn when I asked what exactly, was supposed to be happening to the market?

But people in the money business are operators. They have to be. "Look at it this way," one customer man said. "The market may be slipping, but the economy's got to be fundamentally sound. Am I right?" □

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THE CRASH continued

Can it happen again? The spectre of another Great Crash and another Depression still haunts the money markets of the world — and the sobering fact is that the experts can't agree on an answer. The majority of economic opinion is optimistic, but there is a vocal minority that believes another Crash could be just around the corner.

*Here are two views: an optimistic one by Norman Short, investment analyst and president of Guardian Growth mutual fund; and a pessimistic prediction by Elliot Janeway, a New York economic consultant and author of *The Economics of Crises*.*

NO
it could
not happen again

By NORMAN SHORT

Can West investors agree? The stock-market Crash or the Depression? Today, they don't need to be synonymous. These could reasonably be market slumps — though it is almost an impossibility — but it wouldn't necessarily produce a depression.

That's because people will buy in the market: 10 percent down and the rest on margin, as they did in 1929, so that retail individuals won't stop buying holding the shares could easily wiped out if stocks do decline severely. Business and industry are both healthier and more soberly run today. Besides which, the government now accepts responsibility for manipulating and influencing the economy, which it didn't in 1929.

What we have been experiencing is a dampening down induced by the governments and central banks in Washington and Ottawa. In the past decade, they have promoted expansion by providing a remarkable growth in the supply of money and by deficit budgeting. They should have slowed down. It supply a couple of years ago, but they didn't, and as expansion went too far too fast, threatened to become full-scale inflation.

When President Nixon was stalled, the Federal Reserve Banks in the U.S. slowed down its growth rate of the money supply. The Bank of Canada followed suit. It was a wise move. The lesson is this: that if you slow down the market and investors begin to lose money, it produces a climate in which it is easier to get through to business and unions and related institutions. They'll never admit it, but both governments are probably hoping for a very slight recession next year, which would marginally increase unemployment and induce those remain employed to be less aggressive in wage demands, so that in the next recession come forward the cost of production will be lower. This would increase the profit margin, make it possible to lower prices, or at least hold them steady, and reverse the inflationary trend.

There are very few signs that it's working out. All the signs are that the inflationary trend continues. Unemployment hasn't increased, production is up, as are personal incomes, savings and, in most areas, spending.

Perhaps the best reason why the market won't crash and we won't have a depression is that depression mentality is comparatively absent. Despite the sharp drop in stock prices, there has been a significant drop in trading volume — no panic selling of any kind.

No, I don't think we're heading for either a market crash or a depression. But I do think we will have a mild recession next year — brought on by government cutbacks.

YES
another
crash is on the way

By ELLIOT JANEWAY

Can it happen again? It can easily even happen. It's going to happen unless the President of the United States takes the necessary action to prevent it.

The stock market goes up when there's a lot of "asset" money around — cash that people have saved from their incomes and that's available for investment. But right now there's a paradox: there's more savings in the hands of people than ever before, but that money is being spent — not used for investing or speculating. At the same time, there's less money available for business to borrow than there ever has been.

We're also looking at credit conditions that in the past would have been obvious enough to have brought on a panic. It's a tribute to the strength of the economy, and a reflection of the enormous amount of cash in circulation, that the panic hasn't happened already.

It's as simple as this: Investors aren't investing; they're spending cash. The available credit is going for autos and Florida vacations, instead of being loaned to businesses that need to expand.

What I predicted last fall might actually happen. During the bull market that ended last year, holders of big blocks of stock were usually distributing them to the public so that large blocks in the hands of a few people became small blocks in the hands of many. The big money started leaving.

When will the crash come? I don't know — probably not before the end of the year. The question is, will it be localized or general?

You see, the administration doesn't regard the stock market as an important economic indicator. They think of it mainly as a barometer of inflationary sentiment. But it's a lot more important than that. What the market has been saying now is that the banks are insolvent, they can pay their depositors but they can't lend loans to businesses that need them. You can't run an economy at this velocity without availability of funds. It's like trying to run a jet engine without fuel.

The government could head this crisis off, but I don't think they will. They could pump money back into the banking system but realize that the money can be used only for business loans, not for consumer credit.

But the afraid they won't save the situation and themselves. Because they're afraid they'd be thought of as soft on inflation.

Am I a maverick as an economist? Sure I am. Not many people agree with me. But you've got to be a maverick to have a good track record.

A HOLE IN THE MUSKEG WITH TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN IT

THE PRESENCE of Texas Gulf Sulphur Company in the northern Ontario towns of Timmins during the second week of November 1963, took the form of a 29-year-old geologist who was supposed to be on vacation and six French Canadian hired, without the authority of the company's senior management, to make a drill rig 14 miles northeast of town.

Timmins is a cold town, the temperature begins below zero in the winter, and the wind whips across the surrounding flat, featureless terrain. It would be bush wilderness had gold not been discovered there in 1909. In 30 years, gold worth more than a billion and a half dollars has been extracted from the rock fault that crosses by Timmins.

The residents of Timmins have a lot of old-fashioned pride in the gold that has been taken from the stony mounds of Hollinger, McRae and Dome. It was gold that attracted French Canadians and Indians, other Americans and immigration Europeans to the area. But what practical wealth for others yielded only a lifetime of working underground for those people. Timmins has more than its share of beer parlors and cheap-prostitution houses.

Kenneth Burke, an intense young geologist, first came to Timmins in 1958, less than three years after graduating from the University of British Columbia. Burke had joined Texas Gulf for two main reasons. He was presented the chance to travel extensively and also the opportunity to examine and work on projects in diversified miningology and geology. He had been told that Texas Gulf kept the time he first visited Timmins until he returned almost 10 years later. Burke worked in a dozen widely separated parts of the North American continent, never spending more than four months in one place. On two separate occasions he examined in detail one of the rock outcrops in the Kidd Township area where he had found riffs (junctures) of volcanic dikes and shales and what appeared to be the possibility of mineralization. It might have been pyrite (a twin-yellow mineral com-

posed of iron sulphide, popularly called "fool's gold"), but Burke was convinced it was copper mineralization.

By itself, the evidence he gathered from the rock outcrops meant very little. But directly to the north and east, Texas Gulf aerial surveys had indicated that the ground contained conductive material, the ARA due to the presence of a vein. In June 1963, Texas Gulf finally acquired an option to purchase mineral rights to the property for \$500. Burke was anxious to look at it when he arrived in Timmins on October 31.

Ken Burke had just returned from a summer on the northern tip of Baffin Island, where he was helping to explore large lead-zinc deposits before going to Baffin Island he had met with the company's chief geologist, Walter Herk, and decided to go to Timmins if he could spend a month in Timmins. Herk, another British Columbia boy, had been at Texas Gulf since 1952 and was the man who initiated the company's Canadian Shield project in 1957.

What excited Burke and Herk, and to a lesser extent the management of Texas Gulf, was a copper-rich patch of muskeg and willow bush 14 miles to the north of Timmins. Texas Gulf called it the Murray Headine property after the estate that owned it and that, after four years of careful negotiations, had opened it to Texas Gulf under that year.

On the Herkstone property, Texas Gulf's intensive surveys had detected an anomaly; a reading received by geo-physical instruments (such as there is a variation from the norm. Anomalies may indicate the presence of some conductive or magnetic material near the surface of the ground and are a clue to the possible presence of economic minerals. Anomalies abound in the area around Timmins, and most are worthless. Texas Gulf, in fact, had spent close to three million dollars finding and drilling 85 anomalies in the preceding four years, with no results.

Excerpt from *The Billion Dollar Windfall* Copyright © 1966 by Morton Shulman. Published by McGraw-Hill Co. of Canada Ltd.



The rock sample glinted tantalizingly. A secrecy-shrouded adventure that was to make a few insiders wealthy had begun.

At the Heskie property, Burke paged up and down what he thought would be the outline of the 160-acre plot hoping to find accurate boundaries. Kidd is a "Surveyed" township, but some of the lines had been laid out 30 years before, and the wood posts that marked the corners of the property had rotted into the ground and vanished.

When surface surveys show the presence of an anomaly, the second exploratory step is the collection of further samples by ground surveys. Burke's first priority was to find someone in whom he could have absolute trust, someone to help him out through the unknowns, anomalies and surprises that grow from the geology review.

At his road Burke drew up plans for a grid, a series of lines cut at spaced intervals along which geophysical instruments can be carried. He plotted the grid's baseline along a sunburnt path that, in nearly as he could determine, would intersect the underground anomaly. He then tried to locate Edgar Anglethorpe, a rough, strapping man who had spent a career drifting from mine camp to mine camp. He had seen the rock that surrounded Texas Gulf's initial prospect, but he was also an experienced line-cutter and classifier. Burke asked and trusted him.

Anglethorpe was found in North Bay. Burke phoned him. Anglethorpe responded to Texaco and checked into the Empire Hotel. The next morning Burke picked him up in a Jeep and the two men made their way south along an emergency service road.

They spent little more than an hour on the property, chipping off a distance from where Burke had located the approximate boundary line to the point where the gold's baseline would begin. By the end of the day Anglethorpe had recruited two friends, Fred Bourne and Gifford Beauchamp, for logging-duty. With wide-set ties, the men cut their way south from the north boundary of the property through 100 feet of water-filled older and mud-caked swamp. It was during this right angles to the base-

line. Anglethorpe drove out about 100 feet or three feet wide of parallel intervals of 100 feet to complete the grid. The entire job took two weeks.

Back in Temiskaming, Burke put in a call to Helyk, which resulted in Texas Gulf geophysicist Hugh Clayton and assistant Bernard O'Toole, bearing a plane for Temiskaming, and thence to Temiskaming Clayton and O'Toole ran an electromagnetic survey along the paths of the grid and reported their observations personally to Burke and to the company's Exploration Manager, Richard D. McInnes.

A massive sulphide-type anomaly extends 700 feet north from the southern boundary. For a further 600 feet, a weak anomaly indicates disseminated



Team Gulf geologists Ken Drake (left) and Walter Heskie examine a steel nail found while driving stakes—but few must know

sulphides or possibly massive sulphides at depth. In the best positions conductive trivariant magnetism, and the sulphide is a remnant.

Next day, Burke telephoned Canadian Longyear Drilling Company and ordered one drill rig and a crew: one cook, two runners, two helpers to man each of the two 12-hour daily shifts, and a foreman. The foreman, Ron Gerrie, had been a driller when Noranda Mines had opened its famous Quebec copper deposit to northwestern Quebec during the late 1940s.

The drill crew arrived as to the property on November 5, hauling the rig with a small mounting trailer. Burke located an area in the bush about 200 feet from where the drill was to operate. Drill cores are often set apart from the anomaly to confuse mineral anomalies as to the partially escape the noise of drilling. These were set up. Then Burke spotted the hole designed Gold 55-1. On the morning of Friday, Novem-

ber 8, the skinned drill began to churn into the soft earth.

Late Friday night, Burke settled into his modest room to further work at the property. At 11 o'clock there was a knock, and Ron Gerrie, breathing heavily, thrust forward a roughly length of rock. At a glance Burke could see the glint of copper. He had trouble sleeping that night.

Ron Gerrie's thoughts concentrated on Gold 55-1 and what it might mean for Texas Gulf — and for himself! Ron Gerrie, the drill foreman, guided by his experience on the Quebec discovery 20 years before, had concluded that this was another rich zone.

Although his hopes were high, Burke was less sure. He had seen only one part of the core, and he knew that the country abounded in pockets of rock that are thin in very shallow depths, or else quickly narrowed or "pinched out."

Burke had made what he called his first "real guess" in the stock market during the previous month by speculating about the share price and was an early discoverer in Ireland by Canadian-based Megal Mines Ltd. The Megal subsidiary took the shape of a success and lay almost horizontally beneath the surface. As drillers moved from the narrow end of the arched, Burke predicted that the outcrop would continue to dip and then curve, rather than pinching out at a shallow depth. He bought 5,000 Megal shares on the Toronto Stock Exchange at \$2.10 each; as the ellipse widened, Megal stock rose three months later to \$15.50. Burke took a profit of roughly \$15,000.

In the light of later events that followed from Texas Gulf's discovery at Kidd Creek, that \$15,000 profit took on enormous significance for Burke and for many thousands of shareholders, promoters, and stock market speculators who subsequently joined in the area. It helped to set off a chain of circumstances that led to an international frenzy in proxy mining stocks, the appointment of a Canadian Royal Commission, and revelations without which the United States government might never have had a case against Texas Gulf Sulphur Company.

It also inadvertently enabled Burke to become a wealthy man within months. On February 20, 1964, he purchased 300 shares of Texas Gulf stock at \$4. One week later he approached a Temiskaming, T. F. Moore, who was working in a dry-cleaning plant. At Burke's request, Moore purchased a call option on 4,000 shares of Texas Gulf stock at 27½ through an uncle who worked in a Montreal brokerage firm.

From the Texas Gulf discovery was to come wealth for William A. T. Gilmore, of Mississauga, Ont., The Ontario Supreme Court, on page 95.

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A Joe Namath lifestyle,
a Cadillac and a Shelly,
a Mod Squad wardrobe,
a luxurious pad with circular bed,
and girls, girls, girls.
That's hockey's

DEREK
SANDERSON

THE DEAD-END KID WHO WANTS TO BE A SUPERSTAR

BY STAN FISCHLER

THE NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE is facing its own kind of sexual revolution, led by an irreverent, 23-year-old center with the Boston Bruins named Derek Muzio Sanderson. Sporting bell-bottoms, saddle shoes and mustache hair, the 176-pound Sanderson is determined to "do his own thing" in the face of the hockey Establishment, probably the most conservative in major-league sports. His awaited projects for 1970 include:

- Writing and acting hockey's first white blues
- Opening a hip men's boutique in partnership with his friend, Cleveland Indians' Ken Harrelson
- Becoming a partner in the Boston branch of Joe Namath's Bachelor III supermarket in downtown Boston, next door to the Playboy Club
- Keeping his status as fashion plate and unofficial clothing consultant to the Boston Bruins
- Setting a few grudges on a list that includes Bob Baum, Gordie Howe and Neil Pratt

Although no threat to William F. Buckley in debite, Sanderson says what he thinks, often not the kind of thing the NHL would encourage. "I've got 10 of the best-looking women in the city and I'll play for nothing ... almost," er, "The square hockey world could use a change, and I'm the guy to change it," or, "The never says a thing I'm sorry for in all my life."

All of which has led to the enviable comparison with Joe Namath, the quarterback of the New York Jets, who led his team to an upset win over the Baltimore Colts in the Super Bowl. Even Sanderson's teammates call him Little Joe. And he himself admits to the likeness. "When Namath said he would beat the Colts," says Sanderson, "I really had no respect for him. That takes a lot of nerve. Then he beat 'em and showed you how much of a man he is by going credit to the rest of the team. He couldn't care less about the Baltimore Colts. I couldn't care less about the Montreal Canadiens." ▶

Sander Sanderson, man of many talents, has a new girl friend (right). "This time it's different —— dammit," he confides.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST EWERTZ

The man in the snowy-white skates says simply: 'You want class, kid, it'll cost you a few bucks'



It's a long way from the back streets of St. Catherine's, Ont., to the upper echelons of Boston, the ruling set and a know-nothing's head with a pea-loch guitar. But Sanderson allows his lawyer to remind him to say "please" and "thank you" at public events.



Northern partnership in Bachelder III, the New York restaurant alleged to number Mafia members among its patrons by no means diminished Sanderson with Broadway Joe. In fact Sanderson is looking forward to his coming partnership with Nostro in Bachelder Bachelder III. "I don't think a Bachelder III in Boston would be a detriment to us at all," he argues. "Here it's an entirely different environment from New York. Besides, my white side has been granted toward recognition, although what I want."

Although he receives a great deal of attention in Boston, particularly in the playoffs, Sanderson had not caught up to the star billing of teammates Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. "There are three reasons we need to move more into professional sports," he says. "One is talent. The second is prestige. The third is cash. The point: The only thing left for me was the sobering.

Sanderson started being noticed as soon as he arrived at the Bruins' training camp last season. While most of the hopefuls showed up with the reputation quarter-inch NHL hurt, Sanderson had exhibited a prepossessing set of Pondicherry sideboards. "White Milt Schmidt [the Bruins' general manager] saw them, he was sick," says Sanderson. "He said, 'Cut those things off!' I said to him straight, 'Don't worry about how I cut my hair. I play hockey in all you got to worry about.'

That wasn't the end of the problems. A few weeks later Sanderson showed up for an exhibition game with a wristband straight out of Mid-South. Schmidt had downed the law. "Strangely, when I had him, he said, 'What do you think you're doing?'" Sanderson recalls. "I explained that I had sideboards. Noddyoides, who was an NHL enforcer, very much a roamer in the best of places. Schmidt was perturbed, reluctantly, and soon Ted Green, Gerry Cheevers, Phil Esposito and Bobo Orr all joined the Sanderson fashion parade.

"One used to have a borscht," says Sanderson, "and I told him, 'Bobby, the borscht, forget it. It makes you look like a fool.' So then I got him to do a hair style. Now his hair is longer and it looks better, right? I tell him to grow sidebands, too, but he's got no beard, so he can't grow the sidebands." (Orr is one of the youngest players in the NHL.)

Sanderson's fashion consulting took him to include them and the "Take Johnny McKeane," he says. "He used to go to Cleveland for his socks so much. So I told him, 'You don't go. He tells me to give him a shirt to do so I go out and bring them back home and tell him to give me the sleigh — \$375 bucks for a shirt and tie. He was sick. But I told him, 'You want a little class, look at it cost you a few bucks! —

Cross recites a lot to Sanderson, and he is ready to spend whatever it takes to meet its obvious demands. He does not care one bit two — a Cadillac Eldorado and a Mustang Shelby. He drives out rug-

stry and with style at such places as the graceful Hawthorne-by-the-Sea, overlooking the Atlantic at Scarsdale, near Boston. "I have a class instinct," he says. "I like a nice quiet dinner. A little candlelight, a little wine."

For after-dinner there is, of course, The Apartment, Sanderson's home in suburban Boston. It's split-level, with beamed ceilings, giving a sort of Spanish air to the living room. "It's a real house," he says. There's a sunken living room with wall-to-wall long grass that rag on front of a cork wall there's a sun-room bar; one other wall is entirely covered. Up the stairs in the next level is the bedroom, with an eight-foot circular bed and an apple-deep, wall-to-wall, white-flair rug. One wall is mirrored.

The day I talked to Sanderson he

looked like a hip Chat Eauwoos.

big red sideboards arched above a truly yellow

low slant cut to the avell, setting off

cream-colored hip-huggers. He panted a

grin-and-fume for me. A Coke for himself

then not much of a drinker. Setting

himself comfortably, he answered the

obvious question:

"You want to know what kind of girl I like?" he said, reflectively. "The girl has to be feminine, but she has to have a head on her shoulders and know what she's doing. My whole theory is that a woman can interest you with her body, but give you a headache with her personality. I like a girl who is really good-looking. Feminine. Sensitive and soft. The type of girl who can fit into a corner at the Walkers or a dash down barefoot at the beach. Very few girls can do that. And she has to be the kind of girl who makes a man feel like a man."

Sanderson walked across the room and pushed open a long sliding door. Inside, the closet was jammed. "I got the shrimps," the Bowdoinson says, the boats, he said, "and since I got the clams and the lobsters, the succotash. I've had with women this year over last year has been phenomenal."

Marriage? "Let's put it this way. I'm not fighting less. If it comes my way, I'll take it. But right now I'm not looking for it."

According to many of the men who know Sanderson, son and son don't mix. Once, when the Springfield hockey club was suffering through a slumber-over, Eddie Shore entered all his players to auction from around country. There was no question that Sanderson could never have played for the championship Shore.

"Don't get me wrong," says Sanderson. "My heart is. Everything is moderation. If I'm going to be with a broad the night before a game, I'll tell her to do it at night so I can go home at midnight with her until midnight, then go to sleep. For me, I know. I've got to have my rest, right? I plan everything I do with the game in mind, right? That's the most important thing — it's my whole life."

Such careful planning resulted in



That hockey stick is a great equalizer. Anybody runs at me, he'll have to absorb about four feet of lumber in his solar plexus before he gets to me!

last spring against the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Montreal Canadiens. A few weeks before the playoffs he decided it was a good idea to play tennis for a while. "I used to myself. Okay, what kind of broads do I have surrounding me? Then, I said, 'All right, this one is a good cook, good looking.' She had no eating breakfast every morning right? I used with her to get home at the last minute, it was her. After all, in the variety of life, right?"

Sanderson's father, a production chief at his steel-city, is a production foreman for a General Motors subsidiary in St. Catharines Ontario. There was never a question in Harold Sanderson's mind but that his son would make it in the NHL.

"I'll tell you," says Harald, "he was a balloon good son. When that boy was 10 years old, I used to tell his mother, 'He's something special — he's sure-he'll NHL caliber.' I could tell that because he had so much determination. The only thing I ever said to him was, 'Don't take any nonsense from anybody.' And he never did. The kid never looked back."

When Deneck was three, Harold had him balancing on skates at the Intervarsity rink. All he was on the ice, and he never let him learn both ways and always stop and start. "Deneck changed his hobby in the Kitchener-City plant, where he then worked, in a four- to 12-hour shift so he could see me on the discipline. My father never made that much money — \$40, \$50 take-home from his mechanical pay. When I was nine he gave me \$50 hockey gloves. I got Teks. The best skates, as soon as my feet were big enough. Every Christmas I got a brand-new pair of skates — no problem. That's what my Christmas consisted of — no toys, nothing — just hockey equipment. A lot of fathers push, but he didn't push me. He just encouraged me and said, 'Till we're 10 there today, and he'll be out there."

At 17, Deneck quit high school. Harold Sanderson was not太 worried about his son's decision, but he didn't understand. "You're not meant to be a professional athlete for me," he told Deneck, but remember this: there are three things in your life — a social life, an educational life and a career in hockey. He realize it is one of those things you're going to have to sacrifice one of the others." Sanderson sacrificed school.

By this time the Sanderson image — a dead-set but as stern — was capturing headlines across Canada. Once, during a game in the Ontario Hockey Association Junior A League, a fan tossed his coffee in Sanderson's face. After a Memorial Cup game in Edmton, an axeman jumped him and beat him up. To this day, some biomechanics insist that Sanderson deserved the beating as punishment for his treatment of hometown defensman Bob Pohorsky. Pohorsky, who was taller and considerably heavier than Sanderson, punched him in the face and Sanderson knocked him out. "Then," Sanderson recalls, "I figured I had to go

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bring it to a head. I went over to their bench and said, 'Okay, what's next?' Nobody made a move.

Another time, while playing for the CHL Junior A All-Stars he nearly ignited an international incident by picking a fight with the Czech National Team in the stadium with the banner of his stock Sanderson claim on the Czech goal. In his second fight, in an even more bizarre case, he drove the penalty box to self-inflict. Publicity out of a fight — not bad. Keep fighting, kid. In the remainder of my junior years, I ended up with 46 fights.

But what he arrived at the NHL, his Boston teammates warned him that the league's policies would take a dim view of his excesses. Boston *Revered American columnist D. Leo Montville* warned him to print out to go out of his way to antagonize Gordie Howe, "probably the strongest — and nastiest — man playing professional hockey." Sanderson was nonplussed and even went so far as to pick a battle with Howe.

"One theory I go on," he says, "I don't care who he is, his face will bleed just like mine, right? That's a great equalizer. I've cut people so often I can't remember who or when. So does Howe."

Sanderson's penchant for close hits led him to challenge the big fighters in the league. During his rookie year, he faced Orlando's Ken Hodge, Tom Blachford and Terry Harper, as well as Howe. When wannabe Ted Green congratulated him at the end of the 1967-68 season, Sanderson mistakenly thought Green was referring to his scoring ability. "No," said Green, "I'm thinking your hand just because you got that body of yours through this league. When I saw you in training camp I didn't believe you could do it. I thought you were going to get killed."

Sanderson refers to wear a helmet for protection. "A helmet would turn me right off," he says. "My whole theory on helmets is that if you're going to wear one you've got to be conscious of injury because it's an added piece of equipment and if you're conscious of injury in this game, get out of it. The second you worry about it, you're going to get hit bad."

Sanderson's father was against helmets and it was Harold who roughed Derek up when he was only nine. His head had been cut five stitches and he bled profusely. Derek had never seen blood before, and he was sick. But Harold urged him to return to the ice. "Later, I started to get a pain in my stitches. Dad used to eat out the stitches and put 'em in a little hole. He used my first bandage."

There was a knock on the door. It was Bob Wolfson, Sanderson's attorney, a Boston lawyer who also represents Boston's Green and Edwards. Wolfson is a sort of father-son-type figure. For Sanderson, He gives him a weekly allowance, holds power of attorney for him and advises him on business deals. "This guy," said Sanderson, "helps every move I make — with his money."

Sanderson told Wolf that he had just re-

This season's aim for yesterday's dead-end kid of hockey: the Bruins' power play, all-star rating and a \$50,000 pay packet

ceived an expressed gold invitation to the Boston Debaters. Wolf: "Ed rather not have you go," said Wolf, winking, "unless you improve your manners. I've got to train you how to say 'please' and 'thank you.' I think you ought to go to school again."

A few seasons ago, Wolf accompanied Sanderson to the formal Press Photographers Ball. Wolf thought it would be a good idea to introduce Sanderson to a single woman from Easton Park. They arranged a meet. Sanderson would get one point for a correct use of "please" and two points for "you're welcome," but he would be penalized for any mannerism. By the end of the evening, Sanderson had lost, 11-8.

"I came up in a dead-end neighborhood," Sanderson explains. "I went up where you scratched and fought all your life. It was dog-eat-dog. If you wanted a cigarette, you'd say, 'Gonna have a word,' and that was it. You didn't say, 'May I please have a cigarette?'

The Bruins management, who couldn't care less about Sanderson's etiquette, took a dim view when they learned he not only planned to wear white socks but would market a "Derek Sanderson White Socks."

"The Bruins don't see eye to eye with us on the skates," said Sanderson in a moment of rare self-doubt.

"They're a little uptight, they figure our players, who are really all Canadians, might take offense."

Manager Schmid tried to reason with Sanderson. "Listen," said Schmid, "you've got two things to lose if you're planning to wear white socks. First of all, they're going to try to run you out of town if you're silly. Every tough guy, every fringe player, is going to take it in the teeth because you're trying to be a big shot with the white socks. Second, you've never looked down at your feet and seen white socks. You'll be taking a fall-off and look down and when you see white socks you might just trip."

Sanderson considered the objections — and then advised the factory to contact the white skater as planned. He is not perturbed about the prospects of opposing players running at him if they

do they will have to shoot about four feet of lumber in their solar pleura before reaching him.

Like Nasrat, Sanderson is regarded with hostility by many of his opponents. In part, the anger is due to behavior that is bizarre for hockey's square standard. In part, it's because of Sanderson'sendorsement. Minutes after the Canadiens had defeated Boston in the Stanley Cup semifinal April 10, reporter put a question to Sanderson, expressing a genuine interest in the champion.

"They [the Canadiens] don't have the team, the defense, the talent or the guts," said Sanderson. Reminded of the obvious, several months later, he said he meant word of art at that and means every word of it.

He has an interviewer that will put down as opponent without hesitation. Talking about the playoffs, he was reminded of a fight he had with Montreal's Dick Duff. "He's the only guy under 200 pounds I ever fought," he said, shaking his head. "I was assured that the guy threw a punch at me, right? I know, it was no contest. There's just no way he's going to win, right?"

Sanderson the fighter is not equaled by Sanderson the hockey player, and he knows it. Though he won the Calder Trophy as Rookie of the Year in 1967-68 and scored a respectable 26 goals and 22 assists last year, he believes he's four years away from being a star.

The thing I haven't gotten yet, but may get this season, is the opportunity to kill somebody and walk the power play. And I can do both. Harry (Sinden, the coach) has a whole strategy of his that he's not going to break me in too fast. But res don't get an all-star rating unless you've got the power play. You just gotta take those things in stride. For not getting back. As long as we keep on winning Phil Esposito is putting money in my pocket."

The money could have been spent valuable in the first two NHL years, but Esposito Manager Hugh McNamara refused to sign a contract he considered fair below its worth. But last season's playoff hero, the Bruins, deserved the pot, and so did Wolfson, who, he reasons, should reach \$50,000 by 1973.

His latest suggestion who made it all possible: "I bought him a boat," he reveals. "I bought him a motor. Wolfson bought him a color TV. He wanted to see an ocean."

Sanderson offered up a fresh glass-and-tissue, then pulled out another capsule. "I know what I'm doing," he said. "I know what this life is all about. I know exactly what it makes me. I know where everybody's at. I run my own business. You want to do your thing, you do it. It won't affect me as long as I'm happy right. I think about my own little corner of the world and let every other fella do what he wants to do. As long as I'm doing what I'm doing, I'm getting ahead and I'm not letting any of my friends right."

Anything you say, Little Joe.

Why Bob Pichette uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter for as few as 5 letters a day.



Trotter points more eggs. "Bob Putzke's set up
very good last year in Lubbock. Doubtless
he is a plagiarist. Since then, it's ob-
vious his way will take him around a pho-
tographer. These people dominate the studio
and most community life on cell 404 here.
It's even raised her something of a pho-
tographer. Nobody," he says, "nobody
is really ugly. And he has pictures of
himself."

To illustrate: About a year ago some of Bob's mail went out with mislabeled postage, resulting. Bob looked around for a way to prevent this happening again. He decided to get a First Class postage scale to make sure his mail would be weighted accurately. And while he was at it, he ordered a postage

Each got the master simply to ensure saving the central passage on board at HHS— but he has delighted to found the d' not a whole lot more than he bar-

get rid of.
For a start he is practically and
practically to the Post Office! No more
mailing it home, no more returning it
to keep the Post Office satisfied. And he
has a money lesson in all the postage
he used to help to his underground at one

Another useful thing for Bob is the fact that he makes postmarks all post age if Bob tells a claim he will mail the photograph by Thursday "he has the dated meter stamp to prove that he did."

Bob even finds that whenever his package meter helps him add more turns. For example if he covers a mailing box Sunday he can have people put away ready by Sunday. And being

inspirations of the Post Office. He can send them out right away so his post office customers get them by Monday—which is as soon after the happy event that they are in a good mood to buy.

And Bob has one more benefit to come from that marker: Remingtoning the device he ordered from one of his teachers make sure people know you. Bob is busy developing his own little ad. And his Pinkey Boxes package may or will be helping to pay off for him, who besides

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For more information on the Canadian Military Colleges, write the Registrar or one of the Military Colleges or to the Director of Recruiting, Canadian Forces Headquarters, Ottawa 4, Ontario.

Give it some thought.

Le régiment diffère. Une chose que le regardait se souvient vers sa jeunesse: "Vous nous va pas il n'y a que mon fils qui a le p'te."

La jeunesse d'aujourd'hui devient peut-être l'empresseur d'avoir perdu la paix. Conformistes et rébellions. Bourgeois de tout et très peu d'humanité constructrice.

Mais les parents savent bien qu'il suffit d'une matinée pour aider une impression défensive, telle qu'il y a une absence de jeu ou pure amusante dont on s'attend jamais parler. Et, parmi ces jeunes gens qui résultent ensemble leur vie d'aujourd'hui, un peu plus, beaucoup plus, l'enthousiasme de pourvoir au travail dans un esprit militaire canadien. Ils s'inscrivent alors au Programme de formation d'officiers des Forces régulières. Si votre fils finira ce cours, sarez-vous vous quel genre de "papa" il s'enfonce?

Pendant cinquante, il renverra à chaque fois, tant étonnamment que physiquement. La scission pourra se passer au collège militaire même, ou dans une université. Il en sortira avec un baccalauréat en art, en géologie ou en sciences, et un brevet d'officier. Mais lorsque, il en sortira un homme, un vrai, conscient de ce qu'il fait de sa vie et de la contribution qu'il peut apporter à son pays dans les Forces armées canadiennes.

Sachez vraiment de quoi il s'agit. Parlez-en avec les gens en cause. Si vous avez des amis dont le fils étudie dans un de nos collèges militaires, discutez-en avec eux. Venez nous voir. Vous verrez que nous avons moyen d'être bons. Nous avons trois collèges de l'école militaire royale de Saint-Jean, à Saint-Jean, Québec; le Royal Military College of Canada, à Kingston, Ontario; et Royal Roads Military College, à Victoria, Colombie-Britannique. Le ministre d'aujourd'hui a grandement besoin de la contribution de tous. Les jeunes gens intelligents et sérieux que vous les hommes de demain. Le Programme de formation d'officiers des Forces régulières recrute des hommes.

Renseignez-vous sur les collèges militaires canadiens en écrivant au registrateur d'un collège militaire ou au Directeur du recrutement, Quartier général des Forces canadiennes, Ottawa 4, Ontario.

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ACCIDENT REPORT

What to do at the scene of the accident

WHAT CAUSED IT? Don't get involved in arguments. You can't settle the accident and you may incriminate yourself. Accidents involving injury or damage of \$100.00 or more must be reported to the police. For lesser accidents, you or the other driver must decide whether to call them. The police will come if you call them quickly. Ask them for help; tell them what you plan to do. If an insurance agent isn't there, ask for help.

Should you move the car or repaired parties? You have a right to do whatever you feel is necessary to keep the accident from getting worse. If you can't move your car easily, do so. But first make a diagram showing the location of the car, the direction of travel, and street names. Note the time of day, weather conditions, names and addresses of witnesses.

Don't leave an injured person unattended unless it's clearly necessary—e.g., danger of fire. Otherwise wait for the ambulance.

Getting help from your insurance company

Giving help is carry during business hours in your own home or anywhere near it—phone your insurance agent.

At other times, if you cannot reach your insurance agent, call the name on the name tag on your insurance card.

Most insurers insist on answering service which relay messages to the claims staff or to selected independent adjusters. If you can't make contact with your insurance agent, call the nearest office of the local "independent adjuster." Under "IA" in the yellow pages, or a local independent insurance agent.

Although he does not represent you directly, either one will usually be pleased to help.

Getting your car repaired

If the damage to your car is minor it may be convenient to get estimates from two garages, and then report the lower figure to your insurance agent. Usually, though, when a garage has made its estimate the insurance adjuster appointed by your company will inspect your car, making sure that all actual damage has been considered. Quite often an independent contractor



Accident don't happen—they're caused!

a qualified appraiser inspects the damage, takes the car apart, and agrees upon a fair price. This makes certain that you get your money's worth, and the insurance company does too.

In those areas where there is sufficient volume of business, insurance companies employ full appraisers. Royal Insurance Group recommends appraisers to local body shop and repairmen's Societies which require about 10 years' training and then three completed professional. Because one professional (the appraiser) deals with another (the body shop), repairing costs are minimized.

Should a driver sustain an injury, an insured who outruns your car and this has happened, don't worry. It will be repaired, so long as it was the result of the accident. Any insurance company will make good the damage, because only you're entitled can they hope to keep your business.

Do you know about

Accident Benefits?

Ask your Agent!

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Your auto insurance rate depends on the category your insurer puts you in. The categories (there are hundreds of them) are based on statistics. They're based on many factors, such as: size of drivers, accident record, vehicle population density,

city, race and sort of vehicle. All insurers depend on such factors, and make their judgment decisions where you belong.

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Who's guilty, and who decides? The answers are simple enough. One survey revealed that 65.4% of accidents reported by one company were due to the driver's fault. One or other of the parties involved was completely at fault. In only 7.4% of cases was the accident due to uncertainty. The insurance companies therefore tax drivers who are right and who is wrong in relation to accidents.

If you're the innocent driver, and the auto is an investment, your rate shouldn't go up. If you're the innocent driver, and the auto is not an investment, your rates won't increase simply may because of rising price rates. Besides this, if you're asked to pay more, you have a perfect right to inquire. Tell your agent. One of the virtues of his job is to be your advocate. He wants that in his job to speak for you. He knows more about you and your driving history than the insurance company does.

If he thinks you've got a case he'll go to bat for you. Also, if you request it, he will see whether another company can offer you a better rate. And he'll help you get the best deal! And the best good reason for using an INDEPENDENT INSURANCE AGENT for all your insurance needs.



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'EVER BEEN KNELT ON BY AN ELEPHANT?'

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

I've just received looking over the Guinness Book of Records a 135-page collection of odd lots of information, much of which deals with such things as the duration record for face-slapping (13 hours) and the fastest anyone has ever eaten a 15-course dinner (161 seconds, in Waterloo Station, London, January 1, 1967). It occurred to me in an awful lot of time in which my imagination grows up, when I'm in a supermarket, intense individual competitiveness and a desire to excel were at popular as today's love-affair.

We used to find it strange over one another in small personal accomplishments. There was one kid on our block who could kick at will and often balanced the whole alphabet in little crooks to a circle of chosen admirers. We wrestled constantly with Tom and Dick and our hair in our eyes and knott'd on the backs of one another's backs until our victims gave muffled cries. "Me give up, Timon!" There wasn't an ounce of love for our fellow men among the lot of us.

Caths were put at bad, or worse. They arm-wrestled with the boys across wheel desks, the worn stockings off on their foreheads, and were fist-fisted at what they called "yanking you down." A girl would kick ass unashamedly with some greening lard until the tears were pouring down her face, and then as if the top of her head were coming off.

Sunday school didn't help. There were wars there to beat everyone else. I remember one time I found that I was rather good praying, and volunteered my class for words by giving a prayer any time I was asked until God more or less noticed it, because my Sunday-school teacher, deciding that anybody who could pray like that was a born winner, made me captain of the lacrosse team. I was promoted to be 50 miles an hour.

As a result of this background, I still don't appreciate being called a nice man.

A few years ago, while swimming in a motor-court pool with my daughter, I nearly drowned in four feet of water. We were learning to swim under water and I remember saying to myself when I was upside down, "One more time and I'll be the champion of the world."

Right after that I lost all sense of direction, ran out of air, and started down to get it. Somehow I managed to

continued on page 42d



The elephant, puffed by what she was supposed to do, decided to kneel on me.

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These men rub some people the wrong way.

Haggard, Bestwistle, Kusner, McKenna, Parker, Fisher and Coe. They really rub some people the wrong way. And occasionally we receive a call from someone so angry at one of our columnists that they cancel their subscription. We're sorry about that. We hate to lose a reader. But we would hate even more to have to abdicate our responsibility as a newspaper ... our responsibility to present every side to every story and safeguard the freedom of opinion. One of the fastest ways to do so would be to muzzle our columnists.

We at The Telegram have varied views. Not one of us is likely to agree with every columnist. But we do agree on one thing: the cornerstone of a free society is a free press ... a forum for all shades of opinion. While we strive to keep opinions out of our news stories we do encourage them among our columnists.

Certainly we care when we lose one reader. But we would be much more concerned if all our readers should lose the opportunity to assess conflicting viewpoints. That is what democracy is all about. And this is our part in it as a newspaper.

Yes, The Telegram does care. But because we care, we must also dare ... dare to be challenging and provocative in these challenging and provocative times.

The Telegram cares.



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from people
who know,
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rugged enough
to conquer
the pole!



Last year Your man on *Ski-Doo* almost single-handedly rewrote a page of history. For 44 days, they lead the world in the Arctic competition. With MacLean, the U.S. Air Force test driver, they're the team that won the North Pole. Whenever you go to the North Pole, whenever you take that kind of accomplishment there to be given. But being good isn't good enough. Once again, we've gone all the way. Better performance. Better protection. *Ski-Doo* has more remarkable power for off-roading, climbing, hunting, racing.

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incomparable no-light-tired-on-great

deep, deep snow.

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Ski-Doo series, each with a totally

different personality. If it's luxury,

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we have a *Ski-Doo* as low-priced,

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If you want the best in one choice in

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Ski-Doo remains why you go out better

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**go one better
go ski-doo**



North America's number one snowmobile

THE BIRMINGHAM CO.



Dear Peter: 'Tis beauty from within that counts.

Did I touch ye nothing at all? Your inventory about your latest has reports only her youth and bonnie appearance.

Tis time to remind you it's beauty from within that counts. I've enclosed a strap of our Peter Dawson Special Scotch Whisky to make my point. Our label is plain and honest, like a man or a lass who looks you straight in the eye, and our bottle is no fancy shape. But we both know the more qualities that lie inside for those who take the trouble to find out.

Do you think we came up with our intricate blend overnight? Nay, perfection takes time and patience to acquire, lad. 'Tis no flash in the pan, and 'tis nothing to have spirit if it's not tempered with gentleness.

Have ye become so much a part of the new-langled generation you've forgotten the old values? I alone think you have, Peter lad. And judging from the thousands al new friends you've made our Peter Dawson Special Scotch Whisky, I dinna think people would laugh if you passed on your grandfather's philosophy.

I'll be looking to hear of your young lady's character.

Your affectionate grandfather,

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This is the 1st issue of 18 copies of the Canadian Code of Advertising Standards which will publication every other month across Canada. Printed by the Canadian Institute of Advertising, Ottawa, Ontario, 1970. ISSN 0825-1202. Canadian Advertising Authority, Suite 100, Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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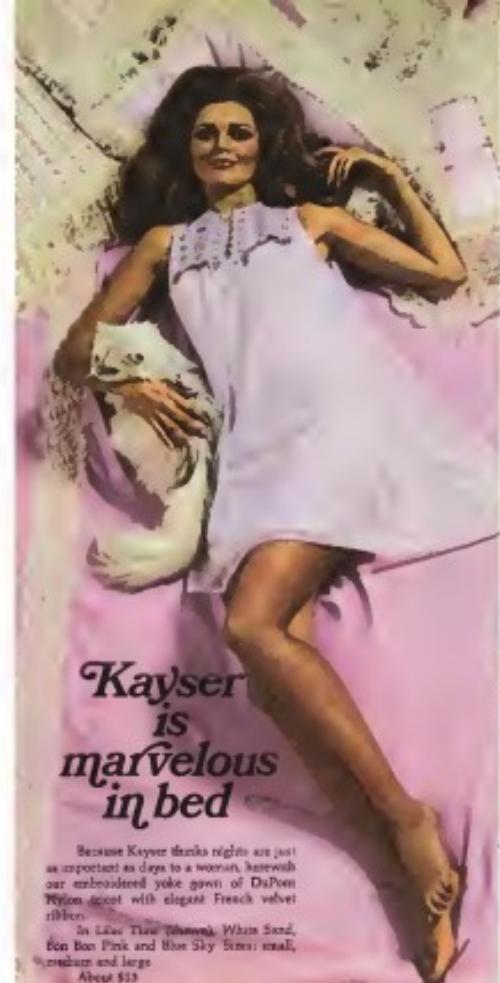
aged to get my liver on the bottom of the pool and come out like a sun-to-air wraith, but it was a while before I was breathing properly again. A woman sitting beside the pool watching me said calmly, "I thought you were having a heart attack."

On a trip to Greece last year, I decided to race a 25-year-old girl, who was a member of our group, at the old stadium in Delphi. It was the first time I'd raced anyone in 40 years, and when it was over I thought they'd have to carry me down Mount Parnassus. Oh it's an interesting reflection on my era that I wasn't trying to catch the girl. I was just trying to run faster than she was!

Another time when the urge to exceed came over me, I was doing a story on a elephant. I had a rather vicious vision of myself sitting on top of my elephant's head, wheel, self-consciously, it didn't fight off. An attendant said he assumed it would be all right, and gave a command: "Down! Maud." An elephant lowered her trunk and I put my foot on it. When he called, "Shag! Maud," I went up, turned over in midair, and came down on my head among the elephants. The elephant that had hoisted me, apparently trying to figure out what she was supposed to do, decided to knock me out. I was saved from being flattened permanently by Maud while the attendant grabbed something sharp out her bag and got her up.

Sometimes I fool myself thinking to relate this kind of experience at public or social parties. "Have you ever been hoisted by your own petard?" I say to women as she looks around discreetly for another mother, co., "You ever run out of wind?" and if all makes me realize that some of the ideas of my generation aren't dying out any too soon. It's true that today people are throwing more things at one another than at any time since man picked up his first rock, but the going idea, in theory at any rate, is subordination of the individual to the general good, not trying to forge personally ahead of materialism and I think the publishers of the *Guinness Book of Records*, now in its 16th edition, should recognize this.

I saw a TV show the other day in which a group of young people were asked to demonstrate how they honestly felt about sex. One girl walked up to a boy and put her hand firmly on his chest. That's the new kind of sexual achievement—not the kind of thing performed according to the *Guinness Book of Records* by Lyndell Bowden of Australia who, in the spirit of the gods of my generation, threw a catalog job 137 feet six inches for a new world record, which is beginning to take on the exhaust taste of one of these word bubbles kept people go in for, like collecting old strange engines. □



Kayser is marvelous in bed

Because Kayser thinks nights are just as important as days to a woman, here's how our embroidered yoke gown of DuPont Nylon acetate with elegant French velvet ribbons.

In Little Tikes (sheath), White Sand, Bon Bon Pink and Blue Sky Sizes: small, medium and large.
About \$13.

...Et out

Behind our robe to match this delicate loveliness.

It is sumptuously quilted DuPont Nylon tricot with matching embroidered yoke and French velvet ribbon.

In the same colours and sizes as the nightgown.
About \$30.
Or knee-length about \$28.

+ KAYSER

Another fine product of Kayser Brothers



IT COMPUTES.

Since when is a birthday cake a miracle of modern science?
Since now.

If your cake is made from a commercial cake mix, you can be sure that a lot of research and development went in with the butter and the sugar and the eggs. And more than a dash of statistical analysis, too. Statistical analysis. Facts and figures "cooked" and interpreted by one of those all-knowing computers.

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

Gebe
n Sie mir ein
Dewar's, bitte!

Dewar's を
一杯下さい!



Mi dia un
Dewar's
per favore!



Donnez-moi un
Dewar's
s'il vous plaît!



"Give me a Dewar's,
please." The same in any
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no translation. It is
enjoyed around the
world as the finest of
Scotch Whisky blends.
Whatever you go,
before you say "Scotch",
say "Dewar's."



The Scotch...
it never varies

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland



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The Yashica Electro 35 has made me what I am today. Or rather, what I'm not.

Like, I'm not embarrassed. Not nervous. Not ashamed to show my pictures to the world.

In the old days, I went around fumbling with light meters, flashguns, exposure settings, who knows what else. Just like everybody else.

Then suddenly, something clicked.

It was the Yashica Electro 35.

Now I just go ahead and snap away indoors and outdoors. In sunshine and stormy weather. At night too. And lo, it works.

The pictures are, well, to put it modestly, fantastic.

Which is exactly how I feel about the whole thing. You'll come out looking great.



Yashica Electro 35

Yashica Division, Anglophoto Ltd.,
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TALKBACK from page 12

■ School boards have only to realize that to halve the number of pages per class would relieve the strain on teachers and help to bring about the much-longed-for rationality.

MRS. MARGARET MORSE, MONTREAL

■ Sitting silent on the breadboard may be safe for the growth of one's self-identity, but it is a form of a way to become an engineer or a doctor or to enter any calling where a group of heirs is crucial.

DR. ERIC SAWYER, MONTREAL

■ The Manitoba high school position is an outlier in one of the few in Canada where the academic department does not look down its long academic nose at the vocational or nonacademic department. It also produces the leaders in university recruitment in the province for next year. Canada measured its productivity among long-term educational objectives. But has been revolutionary. Our update now features an incentive province-wide teachers' salary scale, ungraded schools, individual rate-taking, complete consolidation of small school districts, a completely reconstructed curriculum, French-language schools that now function to the end of university.

H. H. GRANT, MONTREAL

■ Poor Julie Mollica. So she isn't being taught "books," "verses," and "rhymes" at the age of five. Good! Perhaps now her little mind will be open for memory, uneven lines and untidiness as advocated by the Head-Downs Report. — A. CAMERON, VANCOUVER

■ Julie may have mastered the alphabet, simple sentences and some arithmetic and she and her sister may never shelter school at home, but IDU has had their place up to now. Teachers, believe it or not, Head-Downs Report says that they are practicing it. Lloyd Devereux has recited the words of the progressive education movement of more than 30 years ago in the U.S. The words sound good, but when schools tried to put the words into practice, the C.S. got rid of the bourgeoisie of the educational world.

A. P. GROTHUES, TORONTO

Fashion with a jolt

Re: Monroe Morris's article in the Toronto and Montreal fashion shows, *A Tale Of 2 Cities*. Let's hope it will jolt more than a few people. I thank you on behalf of the The Fashion Group — HELEN OFFORD, THE FASHION GROUP INC., MONTREAL

After 'Gable,' football's better

Comments on the inimitable, well-written article on football's Wild Card Galler (— Our Fa Waa A Year Of Confidence—) the Dots. My appreciation of football is now much greater. — RALF MOELL, TORONTO

■ With Gable being drafted to Winnipeg or factors for halfback, Dave Ratney, it is evident the Argos management did not think that Galler could bring them the Grey Cup.

continued on page 46





BASF,
citizen of the world.

Married since a world united in peace and progress. In this search BASF is making a particularly useful contribution. For BASF is multi-national. We are Europeans... and Canadians. Mexicans and Australians. and Japanese. Africans and Americans. We is not "island". In research, production, sales and service, we're sharing the world in the pattern of progress.

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She Needs Someone (like you?)

Lita Lee Tsui was abandoned over four years ago when her parents, Lita and Kuan Tsui, died. She was brought up with only her mother's love and care. Now she is alone in the world. She needs someone to care for her.

Will you sponsor a child like her? The cost is only \$25 per month. This would help to give her a better life. Please help us to continue our efforts to help the Chinese children of orphanages and other institutions. Your donation will go to the Christian Children's Fund of Canada.

I wish to "sponsor" a boy @ \$25 per month in 1983.

I will pay \$25 a month from 1984 until my son reaches 18 years old.

I choose "Sponsor" a child but was unable to find a child for my sponsorship.

Name: **John**

Address: **1000 Lakeshore Rd., Mississauga, Ontario, L5J 1C6**

Phone: **(416) 225-1234**

Province: **Ontario**

Comments: **None**

Signature: **John**

Date: **10/10/83**

Initials: **JL**



THE VIOLENT DEATH OF PADDY DONOVAN

Why does a sensitive 18-year-old from a middle-class home take a sawed-off shotgun and hold up a bank?

BY ALAN EDMONDS
Photography by Michael Edwards

BY THE CIRCUMSTANCES the family decided it should be a quiet funeral, but even so about 30 people, maybe more, turned out for the 25-year-old Epiphany Church of Our Lord of the Visitation's last lack off the highest in the Ontario village of South Gloucester. The Donovans live in the parish but rarely use the church, preferring instead to Ottawa. But you have to bury your dead in your own graveyard, and Maureen and Garry Donovan found it almost condescendingly entrepreneurial to have Paddy buried by a strange priest who knew how he died — who didn't! — but not how he lived.

Monday, July 25, 4 p.m. The family arrived, sombre dresses for the women and mostly tuxedos black ties for the men, who moved with the weary bewilderment — a sort of walking sigh — common to men at funerals. There were two distinct groups of friends. There were the older people, friends of the family but not apart from them because that kind of grief cannot be shared by outsiders. Then there were the young people, Paddy's friends, 10 teenage boys and one bespectacled, pre-teen girl, known as Paddy. There is an uncertainty about young teenagers, even aging ones, silent and inactive in fully advanced form, long hair neatly carried. Death is a part of man's estate to which the young should come later, and as if they felt that

they stood at the back of the church, their faces pulled with the light from the narrow, pillow-glass windows on each wall.

"He was obviously agitated and he said once that instead of a funeral he wanted people to throw a great party. He said, 'I know I want a million people there, saying how nice I was,'" Bob Ouborn, 19, carry-on hand, son of a Lieutenant colonel, lives near Gloucester High School, where he went to school with Paddy. He says that ("I'm wrong, what everyone says, that Paddy was a loner with few friends." "It's just that he had opposed The System — didn't want any part of it) — and that he was very, very selective in his friends. Mike and John — John Lovett — and Paddy were very close. He knew he could talk to us, or not talk, and still be understood. The high school does well probably now, but if you are more intelligent than the average you know it, and you are set apart from the crowd. Paddy was a very special person and he knew it. He was quite modest about his brain, really — and he taught out others like him."

When Bob Ouborn — Oie — and John Lovett talk about Paddy Donovan now, they sound almost distant. But ♫

'My son would not have shot the policeman - he was a good boy'

then, Paddy was exonerated! In a world custom-tolerated for the average, he had the muckraker and, later, the caring, not to be (though his mother insists that for years he deliberately kept his marks down so he wouldn't stand out from the crowd). Teachers talk of Paddy as a man "able to thank his school." School was easy, too easy perhaps, and after a shiftless grade-13 year he had just been accepted by the University of Tasmania, where competition is tough, for the arts-academic course he considered a prelude to studying law. He could play the guitar like a professional, and was once selected Best Boy of Gloucester High on what teachers remember as an "anti-establishment" platform — though most of them can only remember that he advocated morning the teachers' lounge as a student recreation room.

Two more good family spans and spoke to no one. Other measures thought they were the directors, Thomas Bewley and Leonard deGrenne, and so, as the rival mess would or would not understand, these men in grey inspired much speculation. Would the police inquiry clear them? What did they think, knowing there was a boy of 18 in the cellar and that they had killed him, that, but because (they said) he had grabbed for the unanswered shotgun he was carrying in his guitar case along with the \$6,000 stolen by two robbers minutes earlier from the Imperial Bank of Commerce? City police next door to his high school?

Later, it turned out the men weren't the directors and the speculation had been idle.

"I'm glad he was caught. He breaks the law and when you do that you should be punished. He knew that. He was taught that by his dad and me all his life."

Maurice Donovan, his mother, is 48 and after eight children (an loving, one stillborn, one killed by police) the nearest a housewife woman she's slept a lot over her eldest, but mostly in private, and she harbors no bitterness about the law or the directors or the society that — somehow — made Gerald Peniket (Paddy) Donovan turn armed bank robber. There is, however, much anguish about the things she doesn't understand.

"I don't understand almost any of it. I really don't," understand the girl.

And as for trying to shoot the policeman? Paddy wouldn't have shot him, you know. When that sort of thing happens you can't be sure of anything any more, but I am sure of that. He couldn't have shot him.

"I know all parents say it, but he was a good boy. Some kids are all ratted up with drugs and crime, and he was mixed up, too, but not like that. In fact, he was a nut about physical fitness and he used to make sure I had enough protein in the food. If I gave him macaroni-and-cheese, he'd add meat to it because he didn't think it would have enough protein otherwise.

"It's not that we can't understand why he would do it. We can't believe he would do it. It just goes round and round in your head until you think you're going mad.

"Yes, I know they talk about him regarding the robbery. I don't know about that; that's not what I like at all. Not being able to get a new home after working and saving for years just because of somebody's company rules? But you've got to live with the system. You can't change it. We've always believed in work, and maybe that was wrong, too. We always tell you if you don't get your grade 13 pass we useless to society and you can't get a good job. Paddy always worked to go to university, but we were always short of money and it wasn't until this June that we knew we wouldn't build the new house and could help him. He applied for a loan for the schools fees, but he thought he could earn enough playing his guitar."

Maurice, and Gerry Donovan, lead off the front, near the site of the muckraking writer George Orwell's grave at the Cross, their six remaining children beside them. This service would be the only farewell to Paddy. There would be no wake, and only a couple of very close relatives had first grieves to the old house on Lonsdale Road — the house more than 10 miles from downtown Ottawa, which the Donovans, childhood sweethearts from an Ottawa city street, had bought 18 years ago so they could raise their children in the clean, healthy air of the country. Seven of that time only Peniket had been born; it was for him they moved. It had been too small a house for some years; then bedrooms a big living room; combination kitchen-living room and four people. In winter it grew nearly cramped.

They went all in the same poor sense. The four girls, Janice, 17, and Stephen, nine, Gerry, 16, deeply involved with plate glassed to the stars and with her new worry, looking older than 45, paid down at the hands that could never be entirely free of the genome in which a melanoma constantly works. Before Gerry, Maurice triumphed. Alongside her was Stephen. Was he really not going to understand? Perhaps he was thinking about his mice.

Both Donovan children have a true gift in the garden — except Stephen. The four girls each have a pepper. The half-grown weeping willow at the left-hand corner was planted by Paddy, and the night before the robbery Paddy carefully took a cutting from his willow and put it to soil so that, after a week or so, Stephen could plant it. Paddy liked back. He used to say, as those 2 a.m. folks sometimes say about him, that "home is a real battle because keeping up with them parents — Once he wrote me a notebook — that does what you want, but don't do the chores. Help yourself, but don't help the children. Eat what you want, just don't eat the children."



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The rest of the world has only four seasons.

Bermuda has a fifth... three extra months to live the kind of life you can't live anywhere else during December, January and February.

Our seven golf courses are among the world's most challenging. But keeping your eye on the ball is a little difficult because of the surrounding breathtaking views.

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Bermuda

continued on page 52



1. "I was rather apprehensive as I rowed for about with half the Canadian Navy watching me. But I never once worried about carrying out the assignment. That Money Card has never failed me!"

Stan Kane played Robinson Crusoe in Halifax to prove that an American Express Money Card is all the money you need to carry.



Halifax, Nova Scotia, June 10/89: This time we set the adventurous Stan Kane adrift in a rubber dinghy in Halifax harbour. He was wearing only jeans and a T-shirt.

He had to row ashore, cash a personal cheque, buy fresh caught lobster, fly to Montreal, rent a car, get a hotel room and have his lobster served at lunch for him and his guests the following day.

Of course, he had to do it all with his American Express Money Card because he didn't have a cent on hand!

He did it all, or rather the Money Card did it all for him. It can do the same for you, because no matter where you go, the Money Card is accepted as "cashier money".

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2. "I got my kicks walking barefoot down Granville Street. Bill Fred Brooks is the American Express representative off-the-wall! He checked my card, then cashed my personal cheque for \$50. Then I headed back to the docks for lobster."



3. "At Halifax International Airport, the Air Canada Passenger Agent, J. W. Kirby, accepted my Money Card without a second glance. He put me and my big box of lobsters on the next flight to Montreal. I was right on schedule."



5. "Desjardins is a great place for lobster in Montreal. They thought it strange that I brought my own, but they cooked them to perfection. My parents were amazed when I told them of my adventure. Of course, I used my Money Card to pay for lunch!"



4. "I knew that Tidbin kept the Money Card so I tested a car and headed for downtown Montreal. The Queen Elizabeth Hotel not only gave me a room on my Money Card, but even kept my lobster overnight in a refrigerator!"



6. "The best thing about the Money Card is that you can go anywhere, do anything, anyone you like. The Money Card works everywhere." If you'd like the freedom of an American Express Money Card, just fill in the coupon above.

The Titled Gin



WHITE SATIN by
SIR ROBERT BURNETT

A classic British balance
of the smooth and the dry.
Invented in London, 1770,
by nobility for nobility.
And tastes it.

PADDY DONOVAN continued

'He seemed to want to make sure that people would remember him'

well planned and carried it off extremely well. In that instant, Paddy had sold the boy a day's ticket to goonygoons with a smile, a hand, a fist.

Arriving the radio call, Detective Bowler and deGaudenzi passed a blue Chevy on its heated toward the National Research Council. At the back, they got the description and went looking for that Chevy. They found it abandoned in the Research Council parking lot. There were two kids who bounded out carrying a guitar case, just miss the \$30 bus fare downtown Ottawa. They watched the kids go to the payphone to wait for the east bus. It didn't seem very likely, but there was no one else to question, so

Later, when she thought of it, Maureen Donovan was pleasantly surprised that so many neighbors had attended the funeral, because they had had so little to do with them. There being time in summer months, Mrs. Donovan says, "in a city neighborhood, it's just family." But, the funeral director of the church was Mrs. Gordon, wife of former Barron Gordon for whom Paddy had worked two summers. Miss Gordon was there because Paddy had, after all, eaten with them, and had helped and played his piano for the children. And she always remembered the day he had fallen from the bay wagon and had called to the centre underneath so fast the wagon passed safely over him instead of hitting her. "I had a planned," Mrs. Gordon, he explained quietly. "I had thought of what I would do if I fell off, so when I did, I knew just how to save my life."

Depending on who you were and what your problems were, and what he thought of you, Paddy Donovan appeared to walk alone, or be alone, or she or even someone amongst. "He had a quiet voice and when you met him, you'd probably think he's a nobody; but anyone who knew him would give him a triple-A for character, intelligence, friendliness — those kinds of qualities," says history teacher John Keeler. He was five-foot-10, suspended, brown-haired, with a air of abstraction, despondence or, some say, indifference. In the last six months, he wore a beard which he kept as neatly trimmed as his hair. His mother was proud of that.

Lately, he had also developed some disconcerting habits. Bob O'Brien says he might walk up to someone and place a

hand on his chest and just stare at him as if he brooked the silence first. Lastly, he had another habit, more possibly unconscious, at least. He would set his face in a Fisher gun and make his eyes bulge and give a laugh that was more of a hollow, and frantic, like walking his heartily in a drawn-out sobbing sound. "He seemed to want to make sure people remembered him, even if they didn't like him," says Bob O'Brien. "He came on resounding, and if they liked him after that he figured they could put up with him being normal."

In his last year, he caught the school bus at 7:15 a.m. every day, just as he always had, and rode the 14 miles to Gloucester High. But he actually went to the school only one or two days a week; grade-13 students have freedom of choice. Paddy chose to sit and talk at the Shoppers' City cafeteria ("He was a real kid, not trash or anything"), says a waitress. She says he was the Spokane State Mall in downtown Ottawa and being around with the happens who haunt the place. "He thought having a happen was stupid," says his friend. In the end, his year's school work was so good he was given a 72.8 average and not required to write exams. "He didn't do a damned stroke of work," says his teacher:

"He wasn't interested, just sort of off from the others," says history teacher Rader. "He was an outstanding student. For instance, most kinds of fatigues are slaves to the facts, but he was intelligent and resourceful enough to make the facts serve him and relate the material to the world and himself."

Thinking expand the concept, even now, that most of his peers had for him. "High school is a way of life, and who you are and who you know there is all-absorbing," explains Bob O'Brien. Paddy read anything and everything — Namaste to gaudy-covered superbooks about motorcycle gangs. "He also might sound old-hat to a lot of people," says John Lassell. "But somehow the way he expressed them was unique. Look if there were 400 religions, he'd probably read about them all and have an idea about the 401st that he'd be wanted to take a bit of all the others."

Paddy wrote a remarkably detailed study of the harmonies of a painter strong for a physician prognosis and obsessed of doing a "wheelie" on the old motorcycle he drove in a field near his house. A "wheelie" is raising the nosecone up on

its kick wheel, and a good wheeble is being able to do it in this position without crashing.

In grade 12, Paddy became a so-called Non-Contractor. Group 15 boys considered hard to teach because of their "attitude." They were taught separately. Their final seminar lesson was with English object-orient head Glen Pringer. Paddy made Pringer so angry that he recalls it as an incident in which "I got so mad I almost nearly hit the boy." Instead, he ordered him out of the room. Bob O'Brien says, "Pringer's lucky. I thought Paddy was going to hit him. He could have flattened him, with his knife, but he didn't. He never used it." Paddy would learn karate from a book, practice, then conduct the Gloucester High karate class after school!

Rose Donovan — a year younger, a bit taller and more graceful than her brother and his wife — had been his best friend in church and part of their group, though he had been in prep school and left home a few months earlier because, as his mother put it, "we were getting in one another's nests." He thought of Paddy, and he thought of the girls.

He remembered that Paddy had wanted so badly a year or so ago to go off and make a living playing his piano, but he had compromised and let his parents and friends persuade him to stay at school. Once, when the brothers had been talking, Paddy had said, "Why go to university, as long as I can keep on playing?" School work a fairly easy for him. "I can probably get a degree without ever reading it." As far as he's in, the whole world that our society officially could understand that Paddy didn't want anything he hadn't got, except, perhaps, a bike. Their parents couldn't understand how anyone would not want to go to university and be a lawyer or doctor or something, and Paddy wished his parents to be proud of him.

An Jason had told their friends this business about Paddy being a rabid against The System had been exaggerated. He simply had a big thing about people being free to themselves and not feel he fit into some arbitrary structure or scheme of things. It wasn't that he wanted to change the world; he just didn't want to be part of it. He was different, and wanted to stay that way. He

He wrote many songs - but he never wrote one about being happy

hadn't even bothered to go see *The Graduate*.

The first guitar had been almost a toy, the second, a \$79 mass-produced special, and the third, 10 years ago, a \$125 Epiphone. He never learned to play so well that he gave himself to start writing, and sometimes played at La Boheme Coffee House on Ottawa's Sussex Drive. He could play folk, classical, bluesies or jazz. His achievement in learning the piano demonstrated a remarkable persistence. He wanted to — and taught himself with an old pair of skin boots over-worn with lesions in the newspaper. As a puny 16-year-old, he sat up a rigorous program of body-building, and he died a fine physical specimen. He would play a new piece of guitar music by playing a record, axis or two hats at a time, painstakingly reproducing the sound on his own instrument. He wrote a lot of his own songs, many of them about loneliness and yesterday being gone forever, and became Maureen Donovans' boy that it'd be a good idea to let him live. It was, she says, when hell hit the pants. She says she couldn't have understood that, as well as she thought she did, "but it takes two to communicate, you know."

Fugitive teacher Gisele Pettergau: "I admired his alienation, his ability to be an individual and not accept group values and conformity. He had the courage to think things can and go his own way. His whole behavior had an air about it, a complete repudiation of the social values that are accepted. High schools, you know, are linked for the average, which Paddy wasn't. Perhaps that will always be a problem. He was, to the staff, an irritating enigma."

One of Paddy's songs was called *Tear This City - And Walk*.

Young man, brother while you can and if you can, never leave me for me. If you please come never leave me. I get no leave and that's not why to be.

So far in any case, Paddy never wrote a song about being happy.

He used to talk about his ideal girl, he called her Miranda, or something. Maureen: "She was a beautiful girl with a good mind, who understood girls and loved her. He could talk to her," says Janice. He didn't have much to do with girls. Men Duluthians, now so inventively, says: "He hung around with a crowd that

didn't have much time for girls; they thought they had better things to do."

But there was a glassy blonde out of a toothpaste ad around town. Paddy's school locker. He said it was his Miranda, or at least what Miranda would look like.

Gerry and Maureen Donovans had never met Sonia Hoagie, the pretty-blond girl with spectacles and brown hair, so that when she cried, standing there at the rear of the church, it was something of a mystery to them. Sonia herself was surprised. The thing between Paddy and herself had lasted only three months and had ended nine months earlier, when an old flame came back to town to claim her affection.

She had always thought Paddy didn't want people to know him because he was afraid of being hurt. Like lots of boys, he had carried a knife; he was scared of it, had thrown it away when she objected to it. He did a lot of things for effect, in which he and his friend, Rudy Arcoria, were experts. They'd go to the Arcadia Restaurant, that pad for it, and walk without touching each other, "Send it to Berlin." He once planned to walk back, he Gloucester High's top boy and tear up his diploma in front of the corporation, to show down what he thought of it. He changed his mind and thought that maybe he wouldn't let it up because he wanted his parents to be proud of him. Once he explained the sudden acquisition of the price of a sweater by saying he had sold a gold of pot, but he didn't smoke it — though hell tried it, who had?

Another time he said, "I could walk away from you right now and it wouldn't bother me." She had said, "Why don't you?" And he'd slouched along a bit in a chair and said, "I can't. I don't know why I said that."

Standing in the dark, Sophie remembered the little thing she had with Paddy when conversation lagged. He would say, "You, well," and she would reply, "But..." He would say, "On the other hand," and she would reply, "Four fingers and two thumbs," and then they would both break up.

It was Janice who told her mother that the girl who cried was an old flame of Paddy's. It had upset him who she also broke off, and then last spring the boy had called Paddy and they had gone out on a date again. But Paddy didn't call her back.

Janice said that he thought Paddy's song *Melancholy* had had something to do with Sonia Hoagie.

MELISSA

The last time I saw Melinda she didn't even say hello.
I guess I treat her much too long ago
As well don't feel right to be lonely, but
there's no one to be with.
It's lonely without Melinda at my side
— we don't even remember
I can remember the days beside the river.
When for her pleasure the sun alone,
It's no, she's not the sunshine doesn't mean
much any more.
Melinda is dead and gone.

The question Why? haunted the funeral, in its self-blame the Donovans for the rest of their lives. Father Michael Hartmann filled it and when the Mass ended and he turned to speak about the dear departed he said, a little faintly, "There is mystery in everything."

As was to the parents, the adults that Father Hartmann was speaking.

They didn't understand the question now and they never will. Perhaps the Why? is that generation gap that people on both sides of it are forever falling about. The local police chief talks about

"the question that will remain unanswered in 1,000 years," just as no one

knows the reason for the polarized violence all around us now."

But as the kids sit there in semi-darkness some ask talk of the robbery with awe. What's so wrong with robbing a bank? "Morally, it's indefensible, but, intellectually, robbing a bank is a very pure act of rebellion," says Blesty Makow, who left Gloucester High a year ago. And after all, Paddy nearly made it. At least, the kids say, he would have, if that bus had been late leaving the station. Crossing the road for it, as usually a father, his brother, Rudy, crossed his friend, and Sonja, the girl, sat and steadily pictures Paddy plotting the perfect crime, then being impeded to face out whether the plan would work.

"It is not for us to understand everything," said Father Hartmann. "There are times when the more we try to understand, the less we do."

At the grave, in the coffin was being lowered, it began to rain, so Father Hartmann cut things short and everyone hurried for the cars and drove away. □

YOU & YOUR MONEY

'Averaging down' is a game for losers

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE a homebuyer buying on some day because it's not there now. That's it's different from most other things you have to make a decision when to sell, when to cash, when to move down, and "dollar averaging," which make a living out of being on losers.

Strangely, these are popular decisions, particularly among individual investors. And they are often supported by professionals who are not necessarily wrong. These people may tend to encourage others to do the same periods when the market is taking a losing step.

Say you buy Allan's first this year at \$13 a share. For 100 shares that's \$130. It goes to \$17 and you buy 100 more costs another \$110. Total value per share is \$14. You sell 50 for \$13.50 to \$11.50. This means you only have to go up from \$13 to \$13.50 before you are in.

You're making progress. The first 100 will cost \$13, the second 100 will cost \$28. You are merely writing off a potential profit if it goes to \$18. But you can't lose money on the expense. At \$13.50 you will lose \$10 on the first purchase and make \$100 on the second.

You can purchase the stock by buying any stock. The second purchase doesn't have to be Allan's. In fact — and this is the important part — the reference point is not the price that the last one available is. Why? Because stock you think is better, surely by cause you already own a low? Raching a lower is not the only way to success losses.

Dollar averaging has the same fault. It is the reference point, the purchase price, which carries over into the subsequent purchases. Early this year, for example, Mr. Charles Amstutz buys \$1,000 of Ontario Wholesale at \$40 a share. That's 25 shares. Six months later, he again buys \$1,000 of Ontario, but at \$37 a share, 27 shares.

This is not going down, but it is going up as stated periods and with the premise that the lower the price goes, the more shares you buy. Again, why look at a lower price you think is better than any other stock? Why? You can't make more than you bought. The price of the stock continues to rise. For instance, the stock continues down and based on the incorrect assumption that the stock must rise eventually. Both apply that to cause you already own a certain stock it is good for that reason alone, to buy more.

Applied to the personal investment portfolio, the principle of dollar averaging is not the same. True, the lower tends to be buying the same security over and over again, for when he is really doing a buying streak of a constantly changing portfolio of securities. What he does differs from buying a stock over and over again is to use a stop-loss. And that is to say, to require in averaging down or dollar averaging. □

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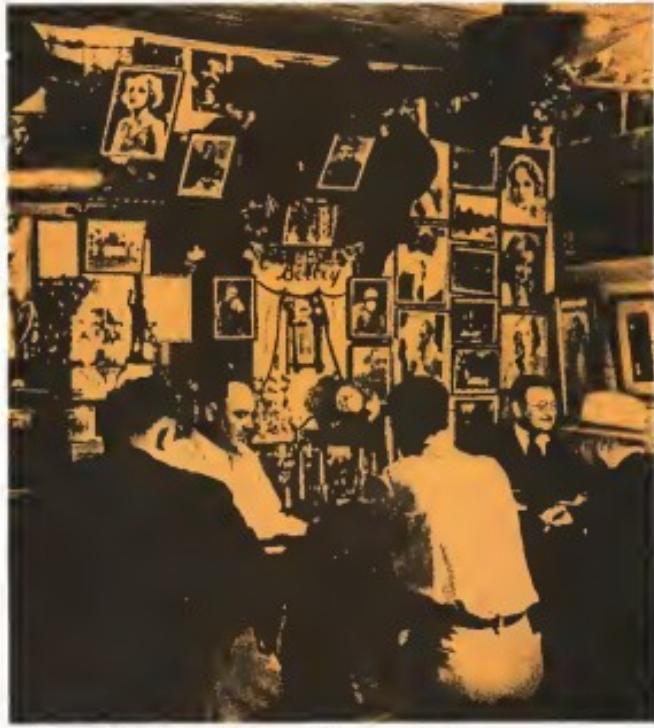
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HOW TO BECOME AN AMERICAN WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

BY JON RUDDY



IT'S PROBABLE THAT, for every Canadian teenager who saw *The Emo Game*, Don Owen's award-winning CBC/NFB movie about youthful alienation in Montreal, 10 saw *Wild Is The Seven*, a Hollywood potboiler with a similar theme. Make that 20. Oh, make it 50. Young Canadians prefer U.S. media. There is nothing new about this observation; it has always been so. The point about *The Emo Game* — crucially acclaimed as the best fictional film Canada ever produced — is that it was itself a result of the U.S. media barrage. "The things that it deals with are things that are the preoccupation of the psychedelic generation," says Owen — and is not the psychedelic generation as American as LSD?

The influence of U.S. media on Canadian youth is enormous and inescapable. When Toronto Mayor William Davisson was pelted with peanuts and apple cores by some of the 1,500 hippie activists attending a two-month school extension last June, he was the victim of U.S. campus disruption carried in a penny-a-copy extravaganza. Vancouver hippies who demonstrated against the Vietnam war would not be concerned about it — nor would they be hippie — were a net for the shaggy dissenters spawned by trouble and tolerance in the U.S.

In Toronto's Yongeville a 15-year-old minister, having brought a cop on the ankle during a street disturbance, shrieked that he was "as bad as a Yankee pig." The 15-year-old had probably never seen an American cop in the flesh, and the derogatory "pig" was just another slang import — the vocabulary of dissent is purely American. So too are the vocabulary and ethos of drugs, psychedelia, sexual liberation. Teenagers who conform to older codes are equally hooked on U.S. pop culture and its Canadian imitations, which require a certain gift by association.

Broken dough — an American-International horror film, a Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys record, an edition of *Leap-In*, a *Time* essay — what your young Canadian sons, teens, reads is mostly foreign. The continental media barrage across the border, considered on these pages, is as blinding as a klieg light at 10 paces and as deafening as a turned-on, turned-on Dylan.

Your first move? Get with the 'Canadian' music scene; it's as Yanket as Dylan and drive-ins

(I'm going to pause as I can be free'). Tim Hardin, I am the family's adored boy', and Buffalo Springfield's 'We're all brothers' can't you see this is not the way to get us and he was 1. Wing the bear in Canada is posted up by a top-40 weekly list of our top-20 singles at Billboard magazine. The breakdown U.S. records, 15 albums, 3. Canaries, 2. That the name recordings, by Motherless and the Green Who, are indistinguishable in style and content from the others is another indication of U.S. popularite power.

With *monotony*, predictability, or as I learned in retrospect, the great mid-August pop festival at Bethel, New York was followed two weeks later by a lessor Canadian pop festival at Guelph, Ontario. A manager who attended both functions compared them in an interesting way: "Well at Rockfield [Guelph] I thought if I freaked out and gave back to Woodstock [Bethel] it was the same scene." The Rockfield Park happening was a scale model with down-to-the-potential grouping (the bands, the food, the beer, the parking, etc.) what you had there was do stand a name?, before drug users and volunteer doctors took the distraught, the giddy, reverberations of flower-power values by middle-class kids who were still led, presumably by their mothers, the music. Ah, the music. Bethel was described by rooster-entire historians as an especially fitting place for the young, at the flowering of a new art form and social structure, in a Seymour and Conroy history Rockfield documents that, for most Canadian youth when US managers go there, will be

The mouse DNA brings them together in founders. Sudden, smoky discontinuities and rocky-tacky tree rooms — it's the key source of tree values, a total immersion in their existential trials. Earthly folk or electric stone, it celebrates the lumbars—tucks down the waist ribs, acquisitiveness, agitation. It is the greatest statement of a new model, bringing young Americans into a collective affiliation with the country and the blocks who foster and alliance, in a war in Asia. The mouse and its average have spread halfway around the world — and especially of course, into Canada.

"We're not waging war on anybody, we haven't been bombing Hiroshima, we've got no Negro problem to speak of. What do you get out of these threats? I mean, what do you get out of it when the Jefferson Airplane says to you 'Get a revolution, take to revolution,' and talks about shooting in the streets and so on?"

that their problems down there. Things isn't all that great here. All of us all over, are doing something about it. That's what the racism is for."

"What are you doing about it?"

"We got kicked out of class for saying her down you know to here and them of us dropped classes in protest."

"Don't tell me the Jehovah's Witnesses never "got in revolution" over a stupid thing like that."

"It's all part of the same thing."

Folklore, folklore or popular song have depended since the innocent days when Elias crusaded. "All we had was you. All we had was you." It's hard to say anything but the best. Then they came along, the ones that were the Hellish Friends.

Everybody knows about all that U.S. TV, but its effects are as imponderable as the Bomb

dom — usually a celebration of middle class U.S. values — crosses the border in three ways: (1) British imported U.S.

— From an August CBC press release describing a deal with Screen Gems to distribute 125 editions of *The*

Former Hunter Shaw on the 618

After more than 15 years of exporting almost all of its popular songs from Hollywood and New York, Canadian television has a toehold in the big-time US market. The price, of course, is exorbitant. For what is distinctly Canadian about *The Façade*? *Wester* claims

The Friendly Guest (our biggest TV success to date) or such CTV co-productions as a special, taped in Toronto, starring Bobbie Gentry? "Our aim is to turn out the kind of shows that have international appeal," says a CBC producer, adding significantly, "For international, we might read U.S."

Telecast is the summary of the 1964 summer survey of America's observational wisdom. The results of the re-

HOW TO BECOME AN AMERICAN

every American series as they possibly can, and all they care about are cars, clothes and sex." But Karl Mabu, of Halifax, doubts that his four teenagers are much impressed by *Bosom or Money*. "The conservative wisdom is probably what they react," he says.

Machado relates his federal flowering on university campuses — which have not, however, ignored the tube. Here he is in a kind of Wagnerian wicket:

A night at the movies is just great — if you dig America talking to and of itself

Since HOLLYWOOD is not so much a town as an enormous state of mind, it has probably become any place where American filmmakers are busy. Back in the '50s, when television was a novelty, it looked on through the while nothing-nature industry was going 10,000-rate Santa Monica Bay. Instead, it set off to wander the world, seeking low overhead. Last year of 345 films submitted to the Gattie Film Classification Board, 166 were based on American features — but many of the remainder were also American-made abroad. Canadian feature films among the 550 totalled one.

The ratio stands up anywhere you look in Canada. At studios, consider the Stars playing at recent *Summerland* or *Victoria Cross*; *Safe House* (U.S.), African Queen (U.S.), *The Old Dark House* (U.S.), *Oliver Twist*, *The Love Bug* (U.S.), *Gondola Columbus* (U.S.), *If* (British), *The Chrysanthemum* (U.S.). One studio was translating an 18-month Canadian short, *A Driver's Wish*, made in Toronto. A film buff who saw this effort, raged that it should have been titled *A Player's Wish*.)

Youths under 21 now comprise 50 percent of the Canadian movie audience. Something of the effect on them of the U.S. film barrage is suggested by the Victoria High. With the exception of African Safari, an ingeniously blazed trivago narrated by true narration and, possibly, the star-crossed loves of West Side Story, the U.S.-produced film is an unmitigated catastrophe, usually coming on a moment's American-style Propaganda-advertisement (*The Chrysanthemum*) beats-the-dust comedy (*The Gay Divorcée*), other drama (*Goodbye Darkness*), cut-and-paste history (*We Love Begi*) — here is America talking to and of itself, absurdly Canadian young people watching their sets to learn.

Quotations. Why do you search in many

"I watch everything that moves," says a CBC freshman. "It hurts my eyes to read. Knit? And, goodness, dancing? 'God, what a pity. Turn it up!'" News and public affairs, the only news in which Canadians TV consistently shows, draw pseudo-antibiotic prison at the "pseudo-sophomore" of Warner Trotter and Patrick Wymore.

According to the Television Bureau of Canada, the average Canadian adult

watches the tube daily for four hours and six minutes. Peter Zukerman, 16, of Côte St. Luc, a Montreal suburb, is well behind, racking up a fat three hours per evening, Monday through Friday. The family set, he says, is forced "watch more *Brigadoon*" to U.S. channels (CBS and NBC) than to Montreal CBC and CTV outlets. Why? She really doesn't know, especially since "in most of the programs talk any substance."

Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, Sirsey Peeler and John Wayne, heroes that bring him as much as any kid in Kansas. "The Great Escape" — that was a great movie. Steve McQueen rides that motorcycle from a prison camp right off Switzerland.

Frank's own escape vehicle is also a automobile. If he usually gets in free at the drive-in, living on his sleeping bag and book of the month, he has developed a considerable rapport with the U.S. and its problems. "I think of them as my problems, too. I don't feel nervous about it. I don't think movie posters are toward being more interested in what's going to down there up there. Everything is life is a movie, isn't it? But, I mean, the happenings — we have these, see. Just look around in Ottawa and you'll see things. I think the reasons for them are the same."

On his sleeping bag, in the darky reflected white light, Frank Beauchesne probably has not worried if one of the reasons for the hippies in Ottawa — and a lot of other youthful reactions — is film stuff like *Easy Rider* and the rest of the media.

Be grateful we've got the Mounties, friends: they're our only entrée to the comic books

"NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF AMERICA, MY FRIEND! FELLOW NAME OR HELLER MADE THAT MAGIC!" — Paul in *Marvel Comics* One boy's reading material is another boy's pay-per-view. For the Dad-who-wants-a-hands-off-kids' sit, the rest of the comic book page is the staff of soft Conformity, such as 16-year-old Scott Conner, who, in his last days in *House of Fantasy*, died it fancy. A half from age ago, Robe says he read that, at about 14, that his favorite comic books were pre-teen Canadian sci-fi stereotyped "Usual. I never thought about them being American. I pass. I took them pretty seriously then."

The last Canadian titles, *Dionne Kid*

American Cover and *Nevana of the North* (about a woman who guides strong the Eskimos) started in the '50s — none are seen for Mike Gladsky, an aging (23) collector from Vancouver who loads them "either straight import or U.S. plus or possibly legit-crammy." The only Canadian element in current comic books is, as occasional, usually because reference to Mounties getting their rate of pay increased, "the Mounties" might have been printed by a Marquis.

This bothers the leftists not at all. "If we had a Canadian industry, our artists would have to draw for the U.S. market anyway," says Tom Robe. "The Mounties' hour would be J Edgar Hoover."



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According to Road Test Magazine: "Buying a Volvo is like getting married; you only expect to have to do it once."



"I can't remember reading a Canadian book," says a teenager who reads 400 books a year

A person and the book that most often pretends to be the big big pocketful of Canadian immigrants' big plans was *The Catcher in the Rye*. J. D. Salinger's tale of a post-graduate dropout in New York. Today's book-to-be-with-in is *Soul Doctor*, in which Eldridge Cleaver expresses his Black rage at bony roulette. Salinger's Holden Caulfield could conceivably have been a Canadian private-school boy — Clever is thoroughly American.

The top sellers in the Canadian magazine market are, in order: *Mac Charlaine* (Canadian), *Seventeen* (U.S.), *MacMusketeer* (U.S.) and, in third position, *People* (New York). *Mac Charlaine's* circulation is 130,000; combined circulation of the American issue, 154,000.

Closely behind the teen periodicals are the movie fan magazines that chart a kind of secondhand electrocardiogram of *Lia, Lia*, *Babes*, *Me, Babe* and, recently, the *Terry Kennedy*.

All of which is why of demonstrators that the various print media read by young Canadians are predominantly — perhaps increasingly — American. The book breakdown is, however, debatable. Mel Hurtig, an Edmonton publisher and owner of western Canada's biggest book store, argues that teenagers are turning increasingly to Canadian authors as a result of new-found interest in history and biography. On the local books Hurtig sells is Canadian — hardly reason to wave the flag, but in 1958 the ratio was one to 10.

"Canadian books will never be dominant," Hurtig writes. "We buy as many from the U.S. each year as we export to all other countries combined."

School officials report that almost all history texts are now written for and by Canadians. On the other hand, a trend to writers individually selecting texts has fragmented the market. Thus, from diverging Canadian publishers who may also bulk sales.

Except for the very young whose parents seem to favor *Greenback Junior* (C. S. Lewis, A. A. Milne, Kenneth Grahame), Canadian youngsters look to the U.S. for most of their light reading. From westerns and science fiction to the sort of skin magazines that mothers find under boy's beds, that begins selling. U.S. periodicals (Mad magazine excepted) are aimed at the 16-year-old female mind

— that is, at 15-year-old girls. They buy them for Justice now, during tramps, domestic future and the latent on their hormones and heartbeats. Americans all.

Typical of the latter group is *Modern Screen*, which assembly sells 65,000 copies in Canada. Its coverlines for the October issue tell all: "Fox that destroys the happiness of Indians who wear white" (using Hollywood-style weddings ended tragically in divorce); "—*Inches suffers a miscarriage*" (according to the letter chafing to Lee Radziwill); — "Let to another child" (her partial hysterectomy

wouldn't prevent an adoption, would it? — "The terrible truth about Ted Kennedy's wife"; "It was tragic." And the magazine continues, I mean, I like to know what's happening behind the scenes," says Sheila Prentiss, 14, of Mississauga.

Len Granitz, 17, an honour student at Edmonton's Strathcona Composite High School, speed-reads through 400 novels a year — so-far, apparently, best sellers: *Wester's Depty* (condensed books). He isn't really reading a single Canadian book. "I like light reading," he says. "I might read a book on Canada's Indian problem if you gave it to me, but I'd never go out and buy it. I read for escape." Ephemerally U.S. novels he names are more dynamically explosive than the Canadian product. "We're so close to the U.S., he says with a shrug. "What can we do about it anyway?"

Never mind trying to name Canada's only daily comic strip — have you noticed it's missing?

WHEN THE TORONTO TELEGRAM TELLED THE GUARDIAN a couple of months ago that you needn't be headlining and grubbing up such fine young readers of the 10 Canadian papers that run the comic strip, Bill death was, however, fairly regretable. The Guard was no *Punker*, but it was the only syndicated daily strip turned out in Canada. Devoted by the Tely System to more up-to-date news, some Canadian dailies had been in Commercial service since 1947 to deal with world figures — a predictable move to find U.S. markets. With a less respect for geographical symbolism, the paper at the point switched strips, choosing Bill Payne, an American resident in Toronto. The altered strip was carried by a peak of 30 U.S. papers but never managed to show a profit.

Its darlings left Canadian comic-strip empires — by no means all of whom never lit lamps while reading — with what they wanted anyway. The Republics can satirize U.S. above the banting houses of Mary Worth, *Terry* and *Sheila* versus the earnestness of America at least and abroad. *Dick Tracy* the American paradise, *Stevie* the All-American high school boy — The U.S. is home.

"We'd like nothing better than to have a Canadian strip," says Frank Bouras, senior manager of the Toronto Star Syndicate, the country's largest. "But what are you going to do? We can't tell

our readers that they should enjoy this instead of that." This, in Bouras's analogy, was *Larry Benson*, which concerned a Canadian writing troubleshooter and was dropped a year ago, leaving the Star with 16 U.S. strips: no *Canadian Well-drained but forgettable*, *Larry Benson* had not registered strongly in reader surveys. "Benson" says Bouras' answer: reader Brenda Goldklang, 13, "was a bit of a hoot."

Denny Fisher, 16, an above-average student at Kitchener Central Collegiate, always reads the *Guardian* for fun. To get his hands on the *London Post* there are 18 of those, single prints and strips all U.S.-produced. Fisher gives Post a star — "I don't know what that political stuff is all about" — but mad about everything else, saving *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* "It's got a lot of action and it's a pretty funny character."

Fisher says he hasn't noticed the politico-emphatic in such military strips as *Steve Canyon*, but he is conscious and appreciative of *Al Capp's* amazement where "he's talking about situations in the States, but it's starting to happen here. Like Trudeau getting married." I mean, I don't like the guy much, but I think Capp's right when he tells us that the money's what counts for the majority. You gotta be from Canada. We've never been more than 200 miles from Niagara, so I nearly get a lot." The question is, of course, a lot of what? □



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YOU KEEP DRIVING SOUTH 'TIL THE ROAD RUNS OUT

in Florida's bargain basement



The most southerly part of Florida, Key West is like the last skip of a pebble across a pond, and is linked to the mainland by a series of bridges.



I ROLL OUT OF BED OR TO COLD IRON AND sleepily drag my sandy, clammy body as — will I ever remember to wash it out at night? — and search for the car keys. The banished MGM spouters are active and the Florida sun peers up, equatorially. Already, at seven, heat seeps through the louvered windows of pale-painted bungalows and into spongey, tropical towns, dew bubbles cling to the slender sheaves of the brilliant-magenta hibiscus. As I zip along the coast road, the sea purrs like a sheet of turquoise silk, shrinking now and again around the moored fishing boats, hissing garbage. The town is growing smaller, shattered doors hang open and little black children hop on bicycles, pedaling furiously to the milk shop. I stop in front of the Fourth of July restaurant, which smells of burned pork fat. "Das only Cuban negro por favor," I say. Then another stop down the street, at the Rodriguez bakery for a three-foot stick of doughy Cuban bread. Another Key West day begins.

I was in Florida with my boyfriend Ted because it was midwinter in Miami and I was in Key West, Florida, because midwinter had followed us all the way down the east coast from New York to a sultry 62 degrees in Miami. The only solution was to keep driving until either the road or the water gave up. As we approached the Florida Keys, after almost 2,000 miles and three days of frayed driving, the temperature soared almost 10 degrees.

Ted and I had sufficient vacation time, expensive baits and little money. We needed a place where we could spend the best part of a month, a place ♦

BY KEITHA MCLEAN

Clouds. This improbable Florida sun is hot sinking, yet still strong enough to etch the lines of beachhouses on stilts against the backdrop of a still, tropic sea.





Enjoy a real taste of fall

its Cheese Festival time

Tangy Canadian Cheddar
bubbling over macaroni...
topping off apple pie...
in fondue...or sandwiched
with salami on fragrant
rye bread

THE ONTARIO MILK MARKETING BOARD

KEY WEST continued

that offered good beaches, clear sea and good eats for spending good food, cheap drinks; charming accommodations and interesting people — all for under \$370 each. And it had to be warm.

Driving to Florida had seemed a good idea, we would save money traveling, we would see all of the Keys, and have a car in Key West while we were there.

What we hadn't realized is that Air Canada services Florida during the winter season with four flights a day to Miami. From Montreal, it's \$114 round trip. Taxes and fuel tax add up to 10% extra. From Montreal, plane from Toronto to Repulse return (one to Tampa from Montreal) is \$164, from Toronto \$150. To Miami from Montreal it costs \$194 regular, with a 25-day excess fare of \$168, from Toronto it's \$174 regular, maximum \$354. Miami is connected to Key West by a good bus service and two local airlines have daily flights. In Key West, we discovered rental cars available and reasonable, and rent-a-bicycles, an excellent and inexpensive way to see the island.

Like the last stop of a pebble across a pond, Key West, the southernmost point in the continental United States, has grown into the largest and most developed of the 25 Florida Keys. The island — like all the Keys — is connected to the mainland by a highway and a series of bridges. A fauflous bubble of tropical vegetation, punctuated by the Atlantic Ocean on one side and bounded by the Gulf of Mexico on the other, Key West is a modern amalgam of Bahamian Caribbean, Pre-Castro Cuban and Miami Midtown.

But when not completing sports car spotting down Russell Blvd into Key West on Christmas Eve, our interest wasn't architectural — we needed a place to stay at a price we could afford. We'd already spent \$90 of our combined vacation resources of \$300. Considering that our return trip would cost the same \$90 (and holding an American Express card aside in case of emergency), we counted on a grand total of \$220 for the remainder of our three weeks in the town.

Although the Christmas and New Year period is one of the peaks of the Key West tourist season (February-March-April is another), accommodations rates were reasonable. For the first couple of nights we stayed at a small hotel resort, with bath, on Truman Avenue — and paid \$10 a night. Double-

room accommodation in the next guest house was eight dollars.

We drove east along the south coast of the island, past the historic East Martello Tower (one of two artillery emplacements built in 1861 as the island's main fortifications, and now used as a museum), past the glistening stretches of white sand — West Beach and George Smathers Beach — past the sun-wall happenings on Key Channel. The tourist accommodations were changing from "vacationing to "rental."

Modern beach houses, cheerfully painted and surrounded with tropical flowering trees and shrubs, were at great distances away from the road on manicured lawns. They glistered with every appliance and cushion. But they didn't fit our plan — or our budget. Because we planned (hoped) to fish for most of our food, we settled in kitchen. We shanghaied for white beaches, clear seas and a sense of solitude. Finally, we found them on the southeastern side of the island in "Elbow Cay" — a sprawling beach house containing kitchen, dining and living areas, bedrooms, bath and a large screened veranda — for \$75 a week. Our "efficiency" was renamed Key West sometimes and could have comfortably accommodated six people. We gradually discovered many reasonably priced and decent houses, mostly situated in the southeastern area, ranging from about \$50 to \$85 a week.

The Christmas-New Year crowd in Key West is, we were told, the easiest who leave and work on Keys West all year. There are the locals — those who live in the town. There are the tourists who own or lease houses on the island and have been coming for years to meet the same friends and go to the same parties. There are the "straight" types, the families who usually stick to the bigger hotels and own in the pools who come and take sightseeing tours. And then there are the others — a group, we were soon to learn, that included us.

The "others" are the gateway-to-the-sea people. The drunks. The runaway businessmen. The writers. The rate-fixing restaurateurs. The boys. The bitches. The young revolutionaries who follow the sun and who work to earn escape money.

*Three weeks to go and only
\$320 left — but we got a house, white
beaches, the sea, the sun and solitude*

In a sleepy little town such as Key West, the chief recreation is watching one another and the best possible place for this is Southeastern Beach. Southeastern Beach is also the best place on the island for breakfast. The beach is the place where everybody checks in each morning. Mango or papaya juice, heavy Cuban coffee, trout with guava jelly. Or, if the night before preserves a late breakfast, many soups, soups and a little steak. A Montreal sandwich, call. Chess games are set up at eight in the morning, conversations are as plentiful as the continuing beach volleyball match. Friends are made. Bananas fried, fruit salad. You don't miss a day off it's in case something happens.

Life quickly evolves into a money routine. The days roll one into another, distinguished only by the fact of weather (sunny or cloudy) and by fishing (rod or spear, success or failure). A hearty breakfast at the beach is usually followed by a sleep on the sand, followed by a swim, then by lunch, then (made drivers by American beer and Key West moon day sun) another sleep. Then fishing — but usually only if longer lobes of Key West and the surrounding Keys are nearby fishing grounds. South from Key Largo (the first Key in the chain) about every island-connecting bridge has a fishing outlet which, regardless of the kind of site, is crowded with angler boats with their bows stuck. We also noticed some net fishing along the Keys, and one of the major sports is deep-sea angling in the gulf for marlin, tunas and even shark.

Fishing is more an experience than a sport. I rarely catch anything, and therefore, most misery and location. Florida Keys fishing scenery is beautiful. Many of the northern Keys — Sugar Loaf, Saddleback, Boca Chica and Stock Island — are ridged with rock by the army and almost lose the war (and usually unmarked on the map). These craggy deserted mangrove marshes over inauspicious deep clear waters, many teeming with sea perch, bass, grouper, pompano. And even if the only bites you get are mosquitoes, just being there allows research enough. Witnessing a horrific Florida sun dousing over the swamps, knowing the tranquility at you are washed by the gentle evening air.

continued on page 71

DRAWING THE LINE AT FOOTBALL

Football is muscle and money—and the stuff that humor is made of—as Jon McKee shows in this scoring play.



KEY WEST from page 69

that drifts off the sea in the tropics as in no other place in the world, relaxing, enveloped in a complete silence pervaded only by the sound of the surf.

Moreover, our gear was more suited to Ontario lake trout than to the headily colored tropical specimens, and our naive approach to success won the heating of a tremendous eight- or 10-pound red snapper. After a classic and heated battle, the fish got away, taking with it the line and half the rod.

Our stat fishing success was not over, armed only with masks, flippers and a primitive Polynesian-type spear (a long rod tipped with a treble), we fought enough in an afternoon's fishing to load us for weeks. Our usual diet was lobster, served with a shrimp chafed, California white wine and hot Cuban bread. The lobsters, like the familiar eastern Atlantic type, are small, soft-shelled Caribbean crustaceans. They are too party to have tails, but their meat, either boiled or baked and dipped in melted butter, are delicious. An occasional variation was grilled sea perch, and the high spot of our vacation was the spawning of the monkfish.

A fighting game fish, the monk is difficult to catch even with the proper lures. One Captain snorkel paddled into range where Ted had been wading a week-long bottle with a sleepy temper under a red sun off Southeastern Beach. To the chagrin of the beach crowd, Ted, like a Tarzan, waded ashore with the two-foot-long slice of wriggling silver still on his spear. (We were later told that by catching a game fish out of season we were liable to a \$50 fine. To dispose of the evidence, our prior quarry became Steamed Monk with Citrus Sauce.)

In addition to the fish, we survived on fruit, bought cheaply at the shops. And because even lobster can become boring in excess, we explored the best eating places around town. The most adventurous restaurants are the ones that are avoided, so we discovered. One highly-recommended visit to "Lug's, The Oregon Italian Restaurant." Lug's authentic food was responded only by his incoherence, no matter what his customers' instructions, or serving tepid white and frosty red wine.

We also tried, at great expense, such well-known places as Laguna's Lobster House and Tony's Fish Market (and were disappointed). Before we learned, through our equally pessimistic acquaintances on the beach, about the Fourth Of July Restaurant on White Street. This immediately became our favorite eating eat spot. Named in an impulsive patriotic gesture by the owner when he arrived in Key West from Hawaii with wife, father, three granddaughters and about 17 assorted children, the Fourth Of July is

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DESSERT WINES

- Pearl Rosefort Port (Sweet Dry White)
- Pearl Fine Old Muscatel (Sweet)
- Pearl Van der Ryn (Sweet)

SCHERRIES

- Pearl Shiraz Cuvee (Sweet)
- Pearl Golden Medium (Sweet)
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KEY WEST continued

open seven days a week, serves beer by the pitcher and offers a fantastic Cuban menu, with a top price of about three dollars.

Cuban food, like most West Indian cooking, is overspiced, overcooked and excessive. The favorite dish is a heavy dish with masses of black beans and rice, and creamy plantains (in English, "plantain"). A large member of the business family, deep-fried green or coconut or corn oil, followed by Cuban coffee (a type of cream custard) and heavily sugared coffee. For price lunches their foot-long "Cubano" sandwiches are second only to the Cubanburgers from Joe's Burgers at the corner of Duval and Truman. Probably the best restaurant in Key West is Le Meridien, small and French-Cuban owned. It has a whale-dolphin menu, with it serves excellent food, good wine, and provides comfortable atmosphere at a reasonable price.

Entertainment depends on money. For the well-heeled, there are charter cruises, without trips, nightclubs, such as they are, and evening trips to Miami. The beach crowd is forced to be more inventive. On cloudy afternoons we planned dinner at the beach, and the place where we dined was the tiny, dimly lit house where Audubon stayed and worked on "Whistlers Street," the exotic Peggy Mills' housewife garden on Siesta Key Street, the Aquarium near Old Mallory

Square, the house where Hemingway wrote. We discovered the kiosk where the giant sea turtles are kept before slaughter, played pool in a tavern on George Key, browsed through galleries and art shows, and finally, with a drink and some fresh fruits, lay back under the palms, watching the boats pass by.

For local people, that is daytime entertainment. In the evening, we met people and drank beer at the new Sloppy Joe's. The original Sloppy Joe's, where Hemingway used to hold court, has been sold and is now called Capt. Tony's.

Capt. Tony's, a big sprawling complex, with a circular bar, open fireplace, and always-empty dense Beer, features Capt. Tony (a man with MacDonald Carey), his very young girl friend, Jason, and his non-white barmaids, a boozey calypso band, and everybody in town who's interesting (playwright Tennessee Williams was a regular). Whether you must at Southernmost Beach during the day, you see of Capt. Tony's at night. It is usually free, conversational, reasonably priced (a dollar per drink) and lively.

Around the bars and little Key West clubs we met Jose and Herbie and Marvin and Bill, the foursons who spent three weeks sitting on the beach, sipping rum punch, and talking about politics, literature and events from Gore to "The World." All right for five dollars, which was the asking of Scroff's next!!!, Big Bill from Texas (he license plates on his

Toronto road R.O.), Mark, the young dropout Aztec from Brain Dead Motorcycle Bob, the lumberman from Monterey, California, who would sleep for hours at the end of a pier, replaced earlier in motorcycle boots and helmet, waiting for the batfish to run.

For us, however, we met the shampoo, a group of colorful, bushy-drinking layabouts who earn their weekend celebration money working the therapy beds off the Florida coast. We planned to ship out on a shrimp boat to explore the Dry Tortugas and Man-O-War, perhaps even to glimpse, if all the rumors were true, the fascinating world of black-market trade and travel into Cuba. But the weather turned squashy and by the time the shrimpers set a south-easterly course, we had packed up our sleeping bags, vanity boxes and fishing gear, ready for our trip home.

Not knowing that our planned \$90 would return us to Canada and we would finish the trip with our credit card almost not realizing we could end our long winter holiday, we loaded our car with a "survival kit" of 10-cent soups, Key lime, orange juice and Cuban sandwiches.

This survival kit rested in the bottom of the car until many days later when I cleaned it out in Montreal. It was a reminder of the best get-away vacation I have experienced. □



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Once off the first-class yachts of the golden strip of Spanish Mediterranean coast is how little the hotels resemble hotels. Many have swimming pools, private beaches, tennis courts, sauna, boutiques with Spanish fashions and handcrafts, elegant restaurants with flamenco dancing, way-out discos, and, of course, the top-of-the-line golf courses (including some with 30 holes). It's no wonder these hotels have become favorite haunts of the Beautiful People.

As Cathy Carey discovered, destination company and a service for two are never a problem.

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The Toyota Crown Sedan Wagon. It changes from a station wagon to a limousine at the touch of a switch. And if it will take seven passengers comfortably? Two as front in the contoured, fully reclining bucket seats. How often have you seen them in a wagon? Three on the central bench seat and two on the side saddle rear jump seat. Or, if you don't come in this large family size, fold down the rear seats and load like madhouse. The camp stove, the cooler, the tail gate, two St. Bernards, a friend and drive off in limousine-like luxury.

The only other distinction the Crown Wagon makes is it starts waggoner on a power seat with

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The Crown Wagon's all luxury. Incontrovertible of heart. It handles like a limousine and not a wagon. The engine is a smooth, quiet, overhead cam six. The transmission is a console inserted from speed off synchronous, as the colored Toyglobe indicates. The Crown Wagon comes with all the safety features and all the luxury extras for extra cash! It also comes with the Toyota reputation for fine craftsmanship. So when you think waggo, think Crown Wagon. It could be the first segue in you'll ever make.

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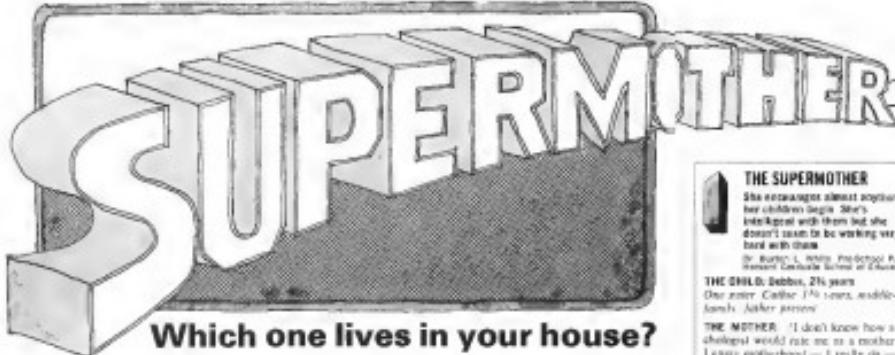
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Smothering Mother, Almost Mother, Zookeeper Mother, Overwhelmed Mother...



BY HAL TENNANT

WHAT YOUR PRESCHOOL CHILD does all day, the amount of time he spends on various activities can indicate how he is developing physically, emotionally, and mentally. Over the past two and a half years child psychologists at Harvard University have been seriously studying the unstructured activities of preschool children. Equipped with notebooks and tape recorders, the researchers, from Harvard's Graduate School of Education, made regular visits to 24 carefully selected homes in the Boston area. In each household they observed and evaluated the activities of one child. The research continues, and most of the researchers is willing — at least now yet — to say exactly how the ideal child would spend his time. But if the Boston children are any guide, there's less "normal" child space in day for demanding order of time spent:

- "Gazing" (looking in thought) from which we *presume* learning something — a bunting bird, a leaf of nightshade), 22 percent of the day
- "Gaining information by book looking and listening" (watching TV, seeing how a workstation operates and operates), 10 percent
- "Going-in/out" (entering, leaving one space), 10 percent
- "Role-playing" (pretending to be somebody or something else), eight percent
- "Moving About" (moving to put on his shoes, seven percent)
- "Co-operating" (doing what he needs, joining in with a group), six percent
- "Affiliating social contact" (different mother or trying to hold her attention), five percent

From this study the editors of *Merlevene* have joined together a composite picture of each type of mother and her child. Not every mother belongs in one of these five categories. Other labels could describe other kinds of mothers (e.g., the "punitive rearing mother") and many mothers would rate in mixtures of several types. But these patterns will recognize themselves in their wives, and their children, in these pages.



THE SUPERMOTHER

She encourages almost anything her children begin. She's intelligent with them but she doesn't seem to be working very hard with them.

Dr. Burton L. Rabin, Preschool Project, Department of Curriculum and Instruction, Harvard Graduate School of Education

THE CHILD: Debbie, 2½ years

Our enter. Coddle. Tidy-tours, middle-class family. Debbie's a problem.

THE MOTHER: "I don't know how a physical world would relate me to a mother, but I figure motherhood — I really do — isn't just for women who don't. Maybe I'm just lucky with the two children I have because I have Debbie and Carter partly to take care of. I have a lot of children so the ones I can't solve their problems I don't have."

The girls and I spend a lot of time together, but I don't have to stand over them all the time. They have their own little work table at one end of the kitchen, and I can usually keep an eye on them while I work at the other end, at sewing or baking. If the girls make cookie dough, Debbie may start making her own "cookies" out of modeling clay. She's usually quite imaginative about creating projects of her own. I make a point of observing what she makes and I get her to tell me all about it.

"Both girls have pretty vivid imaginations. Debbie especially spends a lot of time pretending to be other people — characters from storybooks and so on — and Carter especially is being a truck that's been in an accident."

It would be silly for me to say I treat my girls as adults, like we do have a connection. We'll support for one another, so that our conversations are interesting to us as well as to them. I find out a lot about what they're thinking, and they (I hope) learn things from me, though I try not to talk down to them. I just tell them things I think they'll be interested to hear and if they don't seem to understand, I try saying the same thing some other way."

"I don't believe in crowding kids full of information all day, but there are

times when children are obviously going to be bored unless they have something to do, such as when we're waiting to see the pediatrician. At times like that I find the waiting a lot more pleasant if we play some kind of game, such as reading stories, playing dress-up, or acting a story the girls remember and Mrs. Sommersen we pretend to be different characters from their favorite stories."

"I guess in a way I don't have any special philosophy about child-rearing. I guess I give off to a good start by marrying a man. I am very fond of it. I have responded to the affection we both feel for him though if somebody does make me realize the person who makes most of all to me, I'd have to say my husband."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: This is another aspect of coverage in the amount of interaction with her child, but there is also a balance between independence, autonomy, and child-initiated interaction. She is verbal and able to teach, stimulate, and instruct the child by use of reward, cause-and-effect techniques. She also uses reason and often provides alternatives. She values cognitive achievement and maturity. Her behavior is achievement-based on what the child has previously learned.)

"On the other hand, she truly enjoys the child and is able to accept her at this moment in her development. She is able to meet the child's needs and understand her preventer behavior and cues. The mother encourages role-playing and other participation in the child's tasks — believe whether it's a child's task or not — and she is able to evaluate her child."

In the systematic observations we made of Debbie, we found not surprisingly that her four most important activities were healthy and constructive. She spends about 28 percent of her time playing informally by visual means (9 percent informally; in most healthy activity in a child her age), 17 percent functioning social contact (mostly with her mother), and eight percent constructing things. The other two areas are somewhat less important enough to be recorded in percentages (ignoring information, visual and audio-

logy, and preparing objects) are both positive and worthwhile.

"All the child's time is filled, and there is no idle time spent in waiting. In short, the kind of mother who can serve as a model model for others."

2 THE ALMOST MOTHER

This is the mother who almost makes it. She enjoys and accepts her child but is confused and frequently unable to meet his needs.

Dr. E. R. Larson, Pre-School Project, Harvard Graduate School of Education

THE CHILD: Wayne, 2½ months

Our master. Leader. Five years, lower-class family. Father absent.

THE MOTHER: Wayne's mom concerns me making sure all my children get the best possible start, first at home and later in school, but I'm not always sure I'm doing the right thing. Especially with Wayne I believe a lot of things a mother should do with her child are just common sense things she would do instinctively. But beyond a certain point you can get yourself in a squeeze situation. I mean, for instance, with Wayne I often feel like the easier thing to do is not interventionizing the way we should. And then I wonder whether I'm being silly, what's old, and how much should you push him from a 20-month-old boy?

"My opinion has a child about Wayne's age, and the currents on longer intervention with her child (a girl, as it happens) than Wayne and it's over do. It's Wayne not wanting to do as he should, and if so, is that my fault? Or should you expand and go to a more advanced level of intervention? I don't know.

"I have a memory of when we first had a child, an older rigid schedule, and I think start wrong, you can make a robot out of a child that way. But I'm not sure what's right instead. I don't want to force Wayne to learn, but I am anxious for him to learn as much as he should.

"I will say we have fun trying. Often he'll want to sit on my lap, and then I'll reach for one of his plastic books and



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THE ROAMER, Model A1010



The quality goes in
before the name goes on



show them different things, naming them one by one. He doesn't always pick up these words right away, but I think he's gradually learning.

I think it would be fair to say a lot of my home life revolves around Wayne and Linda — as it surely must in any home with small children — but I don't think you could say we're spoiling either of them. And the two boys children have no doubts in their minds that I think and I love, and wear them both very much."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: This mother shares some of the characteristics of the Supermother, but there are significant differences. Her shanty is less mother-oriented interaction with the child, and she seems to lack the capacity for maternal enjoyment. Unlike the Supermother, she is either unable, unwilling, or doesn't have time to interact in training the child. If she needs to her, her spontaneous concern may be. See the hell," said, "See the hell, whereas the Supermother might ask, "What's he going to do with the hell?" or "What will he eat at the bottom of the hell?"

According to our observer's records, this child spends 25 percent of his time exploring things, 19 percent at play-ways (i.e., shelves), 14 percent passing information, 10 percent at mastery tasks, plus small amounts of time preparing objects and manipulating (mostly with his mother). In other words, he's learning things on his own, but he's not interacting as much with other people as a child should. He's not doing any role-playing or using his imagination in other creative ways, and he's not learning many social skills.

Bobby responds to all this quite well, most of the time, though I can always see ways for him to improve and I try to hear down on those areas where he's weaker.

For instance, he's not slow learning the names of objects he sees in his picture books; so during book time I go over some of the familiar pictures with him and ask, "What's this?" and "Where's it?" and "What's it?" He'll usually go over it several times until he gets it right. I always praise him, of course, when he does well, too. I think he also understands he must keep trying hard every day because there's always something new to learn.

I don't mind admitting I've derailed him to get prepared for quite some time. One child seems like enough challenge if you're determined to do a really good job with the child.

THE CHILD: Baby, 2½ years
Only child; middle-class family; father present

THE MOTHER: "I realize I'm not exactly an impartial judge of my own son, but I think Bobby's bright, very bright, and in my opinion it would be a crime not to train him to develop his potential. We seem mothers simply dump a two-year-old out into a friend yard for a whole morning. The child will explore the yard for a few minutes and learn something eventually, but then what's he learning for that time? He's just a half-hour."

"I'd like to come in this world for a day and learn. Not just the language, but numbers and names for objects around her (although these are important, of course), but sights and sounds and shapes and colors and abstract concepts of various kinds. It's natural for a child to learn most of these things from his mother, so Bobby and I spend most of our day together.

"I find books and other teaching aids for most subjects, and we've learned a few on my own. That way the learning process goes on thoroughly and systematically without Bobby wasting time. I don't mean by that that he has no chance to be silly; he usually needs a nap by noon and I don't mind. Play time is not the same thing as education.

Children love to learn, even during playtime, and Bobby and I sometimes make a game out of a lot of things he has to learn. Which is fine, as long as the child doesn't degenerate into someone else."

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I don't mind admitting I've derailed him to get prepared for quite some time. One child seems like enough challenge if you're determined to do a really good job with the child.

"People sometimes ask what sort of career I have in mind for Bobby and I always point out that this is something he'll have to decide. But I hope he picks law or medicine."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: "This mother is active and incredibly responsive to the child's needs and joys, so much so that she hardly has to express herself to make his needs known. This mother spends endless hours in lateral activities. In contrast to the Supermother's guidance, these sessions are characteristically planned rather than spontaneous.

Adolescent statistics are not available on the number of mothers of a described Age. Mother is a common observation that a substantial part of such a child's day is spent in quiet gainful occupation by moral and military means and working at tasks involving mystery (e.g., an educational toy). Creative and social activities would also rank far down the list.

The worst thing that could happen to this mother would be alienation from her child. Yet she's being precipitated by her exercising all this control and not having fun with him."



THE OVERINVOLVED MOTHER

This mother just lives from day to day, so overwhelmed that she has almost no time for her child.

B. Robert LaDouceur

THE CHILD:

Debbie, 2½ years

Debbie's mother, now four years young, describes Debbie as "stuck in Donald Trump." Debbie, four, however, isn't exactly like her.

THE MOTHER: "I had an article once about how you should spend a lot of time playing with your kids and finding ways of helping them learn new things after school. Debbie's mother, though, has very bad body skills; probably only gets one or two and a half hours in her self and a snapshot of all the latest appliances." If I stopped what I was doing every time one of my six kids let out a squeak, I'd never catch up. But about every day I have a high-speed at-walk — two batches — and then of course there we need to get and floors to scrub and so on. And every Friday when the welfare checks comes the gall to get cash and shop. Then I usually leave all the bath houses, with one of the older ones in charge.

"I've had more than 11 years of life underfoot and I'm only 22. I don't know if it would have been any different if I'd worked a while and got married later when I was, say, 22."

"Even getting a place with one or two roommates might be a lot better, instead of seven or so living in these four rooms." There were eight of us and last winter, of course, when Clay walked out I don't know if I wanted him back or not. I mean having a place around the house, but Clay's not the kind of guy who stays much from the mifl, and this may be it at least until spring.

"Like it's pretty painful to have right now because it's a nice day and the kids can play in the street or over at the auto-wreckers'. But, hey, you ought to hear it when it's raining or like in the winter. Sometimes the kids never seem to stop fighting and yelling. I yell at them a lot, too, and I guess I shouldn't. But how else can you make a kid hear you when two or three of his brothers and sisters are all yelling at once and the washing machine and the television are going full blast?"

"One thing about little Bruce, though, he doesn't peck me all the time. The way some of my other brothers used to do it. He plays with us brothers and some sisters, and I think that's good for him. And it gives me a better chance to get my work done."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: "The size of the mother's family and the rest of her circumstances — notably the family's welfare-level income and the absence of the father — obviously have a great deal to do with her problems and attitudes in a mother. And these in turn are reflected in her relationship to the child."

"My research suggests that there's a connection with the child. Any statistic, however, makes at most association beyond the absolutely necessary are short-lived. She tends not to remain good behavior on her part or no resolve has conspicuously. She seems to give evidence of enjoying the child but is only reluctantly able to interact with the child's needs and understand her cues. Our observations show that this third spends 33 percent of his time giving information — what? (i.e., just looking at people and things) and 14 percent of 'outlooks' (i.e., doing nothing) about 16 percent maintaining social contact

(i.e., mostly running to his siblings or his mother) and about nine percent interacting herself and eating.

"His other activities, in order of frequency, are 'co-operating' (i.e., doing what he's told), about six percent; giving information — visual and auditory — about six percent; producing objects (mainly playthings), five percent; and gaining attention, four percent. In short a child who's living a largely innocent, non-creative existence."

3 THE ZOOKEEPER MOTHER

This tends to be middle-class upper-middle-class. She has a highly organized household, routine, and the child will be expected to conform to her will without great effort on his or her own.

E. BURTON GILFREID

THE CHILD: Bruce, 20 months

One brother: Jason, two years. Sister: Susan, six; older: middle: clear family pressure.

THE MOTHER: "I think a lot of mothers are overwhelmed about their work load and am anxious who are simply really organized. Admittedly, I have a cleaning schedule, a grocery list, a shopping list, and I rarely miss a meal. I have a lot of help. But even without help we can't afford to neglect our household. He'd be old long before my nose."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: "This mother is very systematic in a retrospective way. Her talk of involvement with the child (20-month-old Bruce) appears to assume that she has been able to evaluate his functioning in the following ways: memory tasks (e.g., learning to walk, a toy), 23 percent; giving information (mainly looking at things or people), 33 percent; interactions (different), 21 percent; exploring, 15 percent; passing time, six percent; using discipline (scolding, giving after being hit by his brother), 14 percent; sending unpleasant messages (e.g., waving off his brother), four percent; meeting herself (see previous). In other words, most of his time is spent in nonsocial activities, and his few usual activities are negative. So you can see the child moving toward quite a negative self-image, particularly in those areas that don't demand brightness. But he is being subjected to a particular kind of social life, just like his brother, who is seriously disturbed. Specifically, while observing the two boys, we find ourselves in an awkward position. Since we are in the home, in obscurity, we sometimes watch the four-year-old come forward, bimboing a toy, with real hatred in his eyes, and there's no doubt he's going to hurt his younger brother. Even then, we feel obliged to wait until the last minute before we step in." □

playthings again, with discontent. Such, my cleaning woman, knows this routine as well as I do, and she's very good about sticking to it if I run away for the day.

"So there are any reason why a mother should feel tied down to her children all day. I play tennis twice a week through the summer and I swim a lot. In the winter I ski on weekends whenever George and I can get away. I play golf, tennis, walk, and go to local community organizations. I think I care for myself and my family to keep active and interested in things outside the house. And certainly my sports activities help me keep my shape."

"I'm looking forward to the day when Jimmy and Bruce — and Susan, for that matter — are old enough for a game of tennis with me. But I'm sure if I didn't organize our household I'd be old long before my nose."

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THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 45

More paleo paths from wild far-reaching animals are taken in Manitoba than any other.

The New Brunswick Moosemen, in Saint John, NB, is the oldest in Canada.

BC is the only Canadian province to produce spotted porcupines, and only

As every Canadian who has ever struck a light knows, these nuggets of information are from the "Know Canada Better" series at the back of the Eddy Match Company's pocket-mate books. And very enlightening they are too. However, there is a tendency on the part of the Eddy researchers to concentrate on the obvious. Surely the fact that BC abounds in porcupines, porcupines and fluffy oil in particular, is the most obvious. We think it would be preferable if you arrived by quoting oddball facts about Canada that are really obscure. Did you know, for instance, that if all the fat seals on the Great Lakes in February were shipped into tubes there would be enough to serve two something-or-the-roads to every Chinese over 21? Readers are asked to provide similar little-known examples of Canadiana, remembering the judges will be looking for witty chaff rather than accurate wheat statistics. Remember also that entries should be brief enough to squeeze in to the back of a matchbook. Address: Contest No. 45, McLean's, 441 University Ave., Toronto M5L 1E6. Due December 21.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 42

After Hotel and Airport won! Readers were asked to provide the run-down tale and a 100-word résumé of the plot of Arthur Hailey's new novel. There were a large number of entries, more than half from budding screenwriters who took the contest perfectly seriously. Some of the entries for such titles as *Caveats*, *Hospital End* and *Tomb* had the intricate convolutions of a true Hailey plot. Borrowed, it appeared to Mr. Hailey, who in fact is currently engaged on a novel about the car industry (title as yet unknown), that some reader might accidentally assume a future Hailey theme and thus create problems with copyright. We would like to make clear that none of the various entries have been used, even with the name of Mr. Hailey. Meanwhile, we doubt that the novelist has any notion of researching the fiction documentation suggested by these writers. First prize of \$25 goes to Elizabeth Ermold of Lethbridge, Alberta, who regrets that she didn't have the space to outline the 10

subplots for her epic, which is entitled

ELEVATOR

Arrives a gross elevator in western Canada run by a father, his daughter and her fiancé. During the story, several questionable arrests

1. Is the fiancé cheating on her fiancée with the girl from another elevator?

2. Has the daughter been seduced by the son-in-law who interests her into the gross house?

3. What about the person who brings in hundreds of bushels of wheat but doesn't own a farm?

4. Will the horrible crime in the 14th floor just be exposed by the shadow (see Quotations 21 and its antecedent)?

5. Will lightning strike the elevator?

The authors repeat themselves

1. No.
2. Probably not.

3. He's employed by someone who does own a farm.

4. No. If they reveal him, he'll reveal them.

5. Yes, but it has a lightning rod.

And prizes of \$15 for each of these:

CLOISTER

The oblongish washroom facilities of St. Christopher's Monastery are divided to the breaking point when 150 pilgrims arrive in chartered buses. Brother Kenneth O'Donnell, a tough disciplined dynamo of monastic efficiency, grapples with the great crowd to block, assist, and fight his way through the thick, sticky silence and confusion. And along the tables and chairs and scaffolding land-diverger Bard won God, who pleads to bring a 85-year-old saint down in the monastery garden. When the pilgrims light their candles the crowded chapel catches fire. But Ken's own prayers exert total tragedy — and win him the love of the adoring, harelipped Father Agustus of the nearby Ursuline convent. DAVID MAYER, TORONTO

LALINOROMAT

Laudanum-supper Alice Bell reflects on problems common to both sexes, especially those caused by dissatisfied peaks who use her. Mrs. Klara is a refugee from the cold. Her husband, Cardinal Siegely, sets religious supplies in front, gazing thoughtfully. In back, Pornography forced on naked widow operator by evil landlord who owns Bell's building as well. Hopkins sold cloister at EZ Klein — all made because clothes in washer. Widow operator Bell and religious supplies store beside laundromat. Cardinal is next to golfcourse. SHERYL WHEATON, MONTREAL, QUE.

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CANADIANS YOU SHOULD KNOW



The artist who makes masterpieces with an office copying machine

Wayne Eastcott, a 26-year-old Vancouver artist, has created a new art form using, of all unlikely things, the office copying machine. The results from his technique — which he calls Electrography or Electrostatic Art — have won him international recognition; prints, approximately \$4,000 worth of equipment from Xerox and recognition as a newest international graphics show in Toronto's Pollock Gallery. Eastcott is the only Canadian chosen to be displayed beside such masters of graphics as Dali, Warhol and Lichtenstein from the U.S. "Few Canadian artists can match Wayne's imagination and diversity in the art of making prints," says gallery-owner Pollock. "He has been able to combine Pop and Op imagery to make a very personal statement."

Eastcott came across his technique by accident while working with the Xerox process in film animation. He saw its possibilities for fine art and began using static electricity to make master copies for the Xerox machine. Then he began to experiment on other surfaces of his own.

His early development was influenced by the wild colors of experimental artists Roy Kiyooka and Jack Shadbolt. "They taught me to make color work and to see a work of art as a total object," says Eastcott.

A compulsive collector of cars, trains and comic books, Eastcott has few prescriptions of how his work will turn out. "I let the art carry me. I become interested in something and follow it along."

Most of all, he is impressed and influenced by the technology of the age and regrets that art schools often don't share his enthusiasm. "Too many kids," he says, "have lost all school thinking the only great thing that ever happened in art was the Renaissance."

The social worker who's trying to put her husband out of business

During the past year, some 600 runaway teenage runaways have found a haven in the basement of the charitable facility of places, an abandoned hotel run by the wife of the governor of Tennessee's Dept. of Min. Patrice Whitchurch, an ex-politician and a formidable and praying lady in her late 40s, kindly looks the part of the founder, director and inspirational force of Project Outreach, a combination hostel and youth haven in a rundown section of the city.

"Sure, I'm a complete square," she cheerfully admits. "But I'm part of the Establishment. If I weren't we probably wouldn't get the grants that keep us going. But the kids who come here don't care if they're square or Establishment. All they want is to be left alone."

Mrs. Whitchurch, who has no children of her own, was encouraged by teenagers to find a refuge from the loneliness of the big city. She enlisted other amateur helpers — padres, law students, housewives, office workers, nuns — and took over an empty hotel on Toronto's Ossington Avenue.

The project soon drew its capacity of 30 youths. Some came with severe emotional and drug problems; most came simply because they had left home and were lonely and scared. Though there's a sense of day shift constantly and two pre-breakfasts, a dinner and a debrief on call, none of the "orphans" is particularly single. The kids talk — lots of it — in the 30-minute break between shifts to each other. "They play hooky," says Mrs. Whitchurch. "They're confused and mad. They invariably talk about the double standards they see in adult life, sexual predators who say one thing, do another."

Both boys and girls share Project Outreach's tidy rooms and wholesome meals. If they can afford it, they pay \$15 a week for expenses. She says there have been no sexual incidents. Though the sympathetically dressed there are my experts in the field of understanding young people today, Mrs. Whitchurch's expertise has led her to a theory. "I believe in optimism, not pessimism. When kids come to us, they need order and discipline, not freedom and chaos."

Though its artistic ambitions — there are only other fighters — are limited, the facility has had some success in managing the weightlifting situation as well. The all-holder Joey Daniels, once defined his title by the end of the year, and Grey is the natural one-handed champion.

Manager Upperman is in no hurry. "So far," he explains, "we've been going. Grey's experience against all kinds of fighters. Once he has 20 professional fights under his belt, you can consider him a graduate. Then we make the move for the top."



The fighter who needs 20 wins to 'graduate'

An acne mender in the fight game will tell you, the man to watch is Clyde Gray, a 22-year-old lightweight from Toronto. An 18 straight professionalights, Clyde is the reigning Canadian champion for lightweight 132 lbs., won 32. In his September bout, the authoritative Ross Macpherson (Gray's 10th) went straight (135 in 147 pounds) Prospect of the Month. All of which makes manager Jim Upperman confident of Gray's future worth. I bought his contract for \$1,000 now I wouldn't sell it for \$50,000.

Mention of such big money is still a new experience to Gray, who comes from a family of seven brothers and four sisters trying to make ends meet in Halifax.

As a teenager, Gray began to work out in the gym with his older brother Stuart, who recently lost in his attempt to win the Canadian heavyweight title. Realistically, took Clyde to Toronto, where he continued to box, and eventually became a driver and playing lead guitar for a rock-and-blues band, The Sharks.

Butt along the lines of Sugar Ray Robinson, Gray uses a pistol tilt hook and a long reach to hold his record. "Most of the fighters in my weight are short and stocky," he explains. "They're afraid for me to fight because they think I like to stay back and wait for them."

Upperman, while only other fighter is a Canadian heavyweight champ, George Chuvalo could soon be managing the weightlifting situation as well. The all-holder Joey Daniels once defined his title by the end of the year, and Grey is the natural one-handed champion.

Manager Upperman is in no hurry. "So far," he explains, "we've been going. Grey's experience against all kinds of fighters. Once he has 20 professional fights under his belt, you can consider him a graduate. Then we make the move for the top."

This maestro of glass-blowing won't 'blow' Canada

Lug steamer, some 20 master glass-blowers from Europe, North America and Japan met in Albany, N.Y., last week in a week-long competition for the North American Championship in the fine art of glassblowing. The winner: Wolfgang Eberhart, an amazing 40-year-old from Windsor, Ontario.

Eberhart, who came to Canada in 1956, earns a living as a sensible glassblower for the University of Windsor, Canada's only remaining master glassblower. He is passing his skills on to his 19-year-old son Harold, who also works at the university. The master is bringing his son along slowly. "You can do simple things in glass after two or three weeks but it takes about eight years before a good glassblower," explains Eberhart. "Harold is not yet ready."



Blowing a piece such as his prize-winning Jug takes some 250 hours to make. Eberhart is cautious about selling his work. An American bid of \$4,500 failed to get the bowl in the photo above. Last year, there were 15 of his pieces being shown in an exhibition in Dinton. The art world sent out eight plays work. Eberhart went into hospital for a week to recover from the shock.

For all its artistic elegance, glassblowing is a business. The growing demand for fine laboratory equipment has led manufacturers and industry alike to take much more for granted. There are over 450,000 glassblowers throughout Canada and Eberhart has already declared sales of more than \$10,000 a year to firms. Windsor has sold one to the States. "People have told me I've stopped my art taking them up as many like that," he says, "but today doesn't seem that many to me. I practically grew up with this university. Besides, what do you read out of life? As long as I can eat, drink, find my goldfish and the dog, what more can I ask for?" □



Above: *Clare Haddad* at *Toucada*, one of Canada's premier art of creating sumptuous clothes, fabrics that romantic, refined or her wacky side. It embodies all sorts of Haddad elements. It's exotic, elegant and very jaw-dropping. Cost \$50. Ring from Eva Schott & Co.

Above right: *The Oliveira Look* with trousers set, according to Mrs. Haddad. Her off-the-shoulder version indicates why it's a special favorite with her. Cost \$60. Ring Avon Jewellery.

Left: All of Clare Haddad's designs leaked past right in the charming villa in Sesimbra, a sun-drenched seashore town in Portugal. But how suddenly an appearance on the new *in* is a Mississauga-influenced photo. Trousers, \$100.

PRODUCED
BY MARJORIE BARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHED
IN PORTUGAL
BY BEVERLY ROCKETT
Model (here in Portugal) by TAP



The new bedside manner

The owner of a sumptuous lingerie boutique told me recently, "Last Christmas I sold lots of tiny negligees to men for their wives. I know they wore for wives when they were married the week after such statements as, 'I can't possibly wear this sort of thing.' Depression?" It's for those self-imposing husbands. But the time is just about upon us when the same husbands will again find, looking longingly at those negligees and wishing their wives would wear them. Well, it's really not going to be all that depressing this year because the glamour industry is expanding in Canada, and many women are taking to romantic clothes.

One of the key people in shaking all Canadian women out of their lethargy over night-time glamour is Clare Haddad. This pony-tailed blonde has been fighting the dowdy-woman syndrome for years. She began as a designer with

her father's firm J. M. Barrie and took advantage of his then-slumbering business. Eventually she launched out on her own and moved to the attack when she opened her own sleepwear manufacturing company in 1964.

Since then she's won many prizes, including the Fine City Award presented to a Canadian. Her volume of business has tripled every year and about 20 percent of her total output now is exported.

Clare believes completely in the kind of clothes she designs. They reflect her own philosophy that clothes must be sexual and feminine but completely practical. "I always believed," she says, "that glamour's place is essentially at home."

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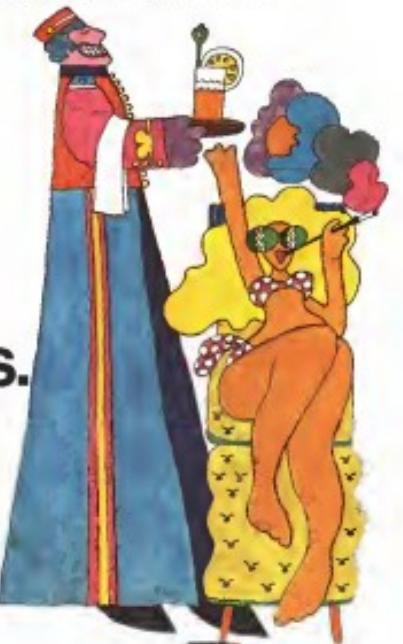
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The
spoiled.

CP
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TEXAS GULF from page 30

Court had named Gilmore sole beneficiary of the estate of his stepfather, Marion Blodell, who died in 1962. Texas Gulf had sued. What a really smart win that Gilmore and his heirs would get 10 percent of the gross profits of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Co.'s Acid Township production. It would mean for Gilmore an annual income of up to \$10 million.

At the drill site, beside the warmth of an oil-burning stove and with a bucket of water set between his legs, Darko began a systematic visual inspection of the core. The core, lying in rows of five in 30-inch cardboard boxes, was covered with mud. He submerged each piece in the water bucket to remove the rock examined it with a hand lens and replaced it in the box, making sure it was properly labeled. His first entries on a small notebook were:

2 ft — sandstone
2 ft — sandstone [red]
8 ft — no lignite
6 ft — fractal core

The next two feet indicated 10 percent upper by weight, and the next 26 feet appeared to be the core's highest grade. Farther down the core, at depths just over 100 feet, Darko ran into evidence of shale core.

It was dark and noisy by the time he had finished logging the core drilled to that point. During the following two days, drilling had been completed to a depth of 655 feet. The bit cut eight feet past the end of the conductor, which just happened to be almost on the boundary of the property that lay to the west. Darko could hear the chitter of the drillers and, although he doesn't speak French, he could see their excitement. He made his way on foot toward the top. He walked, and where possible ran along the path. He stumbled through puddles and ponds; his feet were soaked but it was of no consequence. Despite the darkness, he was back at the top within 40 minutes. In daylight the hike took at least an hour.

At the Bon Air Motel, Doyle played a call to Hulky, the chief geologist, at his home in Stamford, Connecticut. Hulky said he would descend to Tampico as early as possible the next day. Hulky in turn called Richard D. Molson, Texas Gulf's exploration manager, then Molson called Charles A. Fogerty, then Searle Vice-President. At the end of this series of conversations, it was after 10 p.m. and Fogerty made the decision to move President Claude Stephens from his bed with the news:

In the consolidated trial later in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Tenth Circuit and Arkansas, *Connexions* against Texas Gulf Sulphur Co., it was ruled that prior to November 12, 1962, Fogerty owned

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TEXAS GULF continued

705 shares. Malloch owned 50 Clayton 200, East Jayneson (an attorney for Texas Gulf) 36.

Durke did not return to the property on Monday, November 11, but waited for Holyk's arrival later that day. Holyk recalled the visit to me as follows:

"I flew to Timmins on Monday, November 11, and visited the property on November 12 and logged approximately 600 feet of core with Durke keeping the records. I damed off 2,840 feet from the road on the eastern boundary of the lot in order to determine the approximate location of the western boundary of the Royal Trust lot, and was informed that the original boundary was several hundred feet to the east of where Durke had initially prepared it."

Thereupon, on November 12, 1963, Fogarty, having information concerning the results of Texas Gulf's drilling on the northeast section, which joints were not generally known by the investing public, purchased 200 shares of Texas Gulf stock at 177½ per share on the New York Stock Exchange without telling the other what he knew.

Holyk and Durke plotted their next moves. Through Gerinus, they issued instructions to the driller that any cuttings about drill operations were forbidden. It was proposed, and accepted by all but the cook, that the crew would remain on the property at least until Christmas. Their bonus was to be full payment for 74 hours, for the first 12-hour shift, extra pay for each ensuing period when the shift was not completed.

The next move was the connecting of hole Kidd 55-1 and the transfer of the rig to a dry dock location. The drill was dismantled and the wooden stilts that supported the rig on the rocky surface were lagged to near the northeast boundary, the farthest possible spot from the hole.

There were other considerations, one of International Nickel Company's serial survey planes had flown directly overhead while Kidd 55-1 was being drilled, and a helicopter belonging to McInerney Petroleum Mines Ltd., used to supply and co-ordinate the geophysical operations. McInerney had been in the area. The McInerney chapter was plotted by an acquaintance of Durke's, a man known for his preoccupation in reading and tracing the activities of ground-explosion pros-

kers. To have drilled a second hole over Kidd 55-1 might have led an aerial observer to conclude that Texas Gulf was putting a second drill probe into the same area — a sure sign they were up to something. Durke and Holyk wanted to make it appear from the air that

the rig was still operating at the same site. Therefore, the second drill site was located in a similar surrounding of trees and brush. The three tests were pitched in the same juxtaposition to each other, and to the rig. Durke instructed Gerinus to burn or bury all wood, paper and other refuse that had collected around the first drill site. He planted a small tree in the cement collar of the drill casing, and others throughout the site of the first drill hole. Five boughs were scattered over the master tracks. Two days later came the first news of winter; the first possible blizzard. The entire area was blanketed in white for the next five months.

On Wednesday, November 13, Malloch and Fogarty arrived in Timmins. Early the next day, accompanied by Durke and Holyk, they visited the property.

That night, Fogarty, Malloch and Holyk returned to New York.

On November 13, 1963, Fogarty purchased 700 shares of Texas Gulf at 177½-179½ a share on the New York Stock Exchange. Malloch purchased 100 shares at 177½. Clayton purchased 200 shares at 177½.

The following Sunday, Durke brought back to the camp two bottles of V.O. whisky and 24 bottles of beer as compensation to the crew for being stuck in the bush. That day, with the authority of Exploration Manager Malloch, he also handed a \$250 bonus cheque to Edgar Augustus.

On November 29, Fogarty bought 500 shares of Texas Gulf at 178½.

After discussion on general plans with Holyk and Malloch, Durke prepared the location of the second drill hole knowing that it would bore through worthless rock. It would decrease aerial snoops, and it would provide lengths of barren cores that could be left in tall vane as the chance a prospector or surveyor or petroleum worker happened by. Drill Hole No. 2 — Kidd 55-2 — was started November 20.

On November 26, 1963, Fogarty purchased 300 shares of Texas Gulf at 177½ per share and on November 29 Fogarty bought 30 shares at 178 per share.

Edgar Augustus was assigned to split the core from K. 55-1 into reasonable lengths. Half of the core was kept in Timmins, the other half sent to Salt Lake City for chemical tests that would confirm, in more precise terms, Durke's and Holyk's visual assays.

By November 30, 1963, Kidd 55-2 was completed with predictable results

continued on page 58

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TEXAS GULF continued

THIS FIRST PRIORITY of Texas Gulf, one that even took precedence over the fate of the incorporation of Kidd 55, was the accumulation of lead and mineral rights in the surrounding area. It was not supply or a goal of acquiring land that might contain some geological extension of Kidd 55 territory, however. The major factor of concern here was that they might be susceptible to mining and a site for mineral operations. In fact, Texas Gulf had found a commercial embryo.

This had announced the results of Kidd 55's immediately would have brought mining companies and speculators flooding to the area in search of land that would have driven prices upward. Durke, the geologist, and Clayton, the prospector, were assigned to inspect the surrounding land. When land was open for staking under the Ontario Mining Act, they were to proceed by staking, where it was potential land; they were to advise other Texas Gulf officials, who were to carry or private negotiations for the acquisition of mineral rights.

While much of the land around Timmins was patented lead, staking on the scale envisioned by Texas Gulf would require the activity of a large number of people in the field. By the time the last staking program began, several hundred miners had been employed at the mine. Negotiations to hire sufficient miners were by necessity difficult. It would have been desirable to keep each two-man team sponsor of the activities of the others, but of course that was impossible. Among those recruited by Durke was Amphlett and some of his cronies who had helped with the financing during Kidd 55.

Mining claims may be staked by anyone over 18 who pays five dollars to hold a mineral license. But a licensee may not stake more than 60 acres in any one year (April 1 to March 31) is each of the prospector's 14 mining districts. Thus there was the need on Texas Gulf's part for several teams of stakes claimants to acquire roughly 40 acres each and staking partners to extend the acreage to 60. At one district, however, Durke and Clayton had to stake a trail blazed through the bush, or by pack-train or mounds of earth placed at great intervals. Clay miners frequently get their bearings by using aerial photographs that staking worked land because of importance when a team of stakes working under Edgar Amphlett imperceptibly staked four claims, and were required to forfeit them. The claim later fell into the hands of Windfall Gold and Mines Ltd. and subsequently became the subject of Canada's greatest mining scandal.

To ascertain which land was open for staking, Durke had to get copies of

mining maps from the government mining-recorder's office in Timmins. He was a frequent visitor there, but it had been his custom to pick up only one or perhaps two maps of the township he was working in. The mining recorder, a slender, orderly young man named Chris Eggersen, thought it unusual to meet Durke by name and asked him if he had been to the recorder's office recently. Durke needed to copy more than this for his mining program. As casually as possible, he began ordering more maps to escape suspicion, he had Amphlett order further maps. Later, Durke called Nedie Braggado to pick up maps for him. Braggado, a young real estate salesman who had formerly worked in the mining but quickly tired of working underground, occupied the office on Pine Street next to Durke's Braggado's, too, was to become a millionaire as a result of the Texas Gulf discovery; he is a shrewd man, and it seems likely in retrospect that his first hint of Durke's clandestine activities was that he refused to pack up maps at the mining recorder's office down the street.

In early December 1963, Durke's anxiety pressurizations began to fail. The drill from Kidd 55-1 was transported by helicopter from the property to Timmins airport, where it was loaded on to a plane to deliver. The company's chief and supervisor was en route in Salt Lake City.

In the Phoenix Court Inn of Timmins main hotel, the Empire, the negotiator on these helicopter flights measured on the great width of coin that was being thrown out of Kidd Township. The Empire Hotel has the clearing house in Timmins for all mining interests. The helicopter pilot, Doug Boughner, later recalled his own suspicion about the coin. On one occasion in early December he had been alone with the coin. "They were packed in cardboard boxes, wrapped in burlap, covered with heavy ironbound and bound with wire," Boughner said. "It could have had just one look at the coin. I'd be a millionaire today."

As Durke recalls it, the Kidd Addison representative sent by Ron come straight to the point and asked if Texas Gulf had found nickel. Durke joked, "Bliss you ever heard of 10 percent nickel in these parts?" Then he said, "We have no nickel. It was the truth."

On December 30, Farley purchased 200 shares of Texas Gulf at \$22 per share, and on December 31, 300 shares at \$23.

In its efforts to stop the rumors, Texas Gulf executives made a statement to the *Newspaper Miner* on February 27, 1964, the *Miner's* most important:

"The rumor that there has Texas Gulf obtaining some 600 ore indications from its work."

"Not so!" was the first of the remarks of a top TGS executive. TGS has turned up nothing suggestive of an anomaly to the moment, but the company is follow-

ing in that vein." Holby went on to tell Durke that the zone had returned silver values higher than three percent.

Somewhat later, Durke was assisted by Mel McCormick, a brokerage salesman who had recently been hired by the Timmins branch of one of Canada's biggest steelmakers, Doherty, Rosshouse and McCay Brothers. McCormick proceeded to speak to Durke the other afternoon. McCormick had reported back to the telephone Durke, trying to hide his shock and anger, prior to his departure. McCormick had a quirk of mining-exploration practice. He told the young salesman that the assays had in fact been repeated to him in a telephone call from New York, but he went on to explain the practice of mining companies of using code names for the transmission of information.

"Those figures," said Durke, "refer to known points in worthless material commonly found in the Timmins area." He further suggested to McCormick that he would feel no compunction about laying charges against anyone eavesdropping on his telephone. Durke didn't like any such notion, however.

He called Holby and said, "Well, no more telephone talk." Holby immediately understood, and the two men agreed they would in future exchange all information in writing.

As Durke's Christmastime stress began circulating in Timmins that Texas Gulf had a major nickel find, the extraordinarily high number of 30 mining trucks was frequently mentioned. Durke was telephoned by W. S. Rose the president of Kerr Addison Mines Ltd., a major producer of gold and other metals. Rose made a laughing reference to the number of nickel finds and asked if he could send an emissary. Durke replied that he had no objections.

As Durke recalls it, the Kerr Addison representative sent by Ron came straight to the point and asked if Texas Gulf had found nickel. Durke joked, "Bliss you ever heard of 10 percent nickel in these parts?" Then he said, "We have no nickel. It was the truth."

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TEXAS GULF continued

ing up indications of an arid zone away down several years ago.

In the annual report of Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, the operating arm of President Claude Stephens, his message to shareholders was: "Nineteen sixty-three was an essential year for your company."

Only one paragraph made reference to the company's operations around Timmins:

"We have continued our metallic sulphide exploration activities in eastern Canada. The program has included geological and surface geophysical surveys and limited drilling, all of which will be intensified during 1964. We have also staked claims on Crown lands and obtained options on patented assays."

By March 27, Good Friday, Texas Gulf had completed the making of the first claim on its land-acquisition program. Sure for a dozen-year lease, "Pioneer Territories" - Texas Gulf's own name for the area - was staked in the area, forty miles where there was an anomaly that Black Chipps had pinpointed as worthy of investigation.

There was no suggestion to that point that Texas Gulf at its efforts had any duty whatsoever to disclose their Timmins activities to shareholders or to the public. It is a clearly accepted principle that the responsibility of management to the corporation goes far beyond the responsibility to any individual shareholder. Certainly there was a corporate purpose to be served in maintaining, for as long as necessary, secrecy about the results of K-55-1 and about the subsequent attempts to maintain claims land in the area.

It would have been impossible or at least prohibitively expensive, for Texas Gulf to go right to the media if it wanted to keep secret the K-55 activity. They had taken a risk over. The intensity of the land-acquisition campaign itself would have inspired the owners of privately owned land to drive a stiff bargain, and would have brought speculators and representatives of other mining companies into the competition.

It was now becoming urgent to make plans for the resumption of drilling. The winter plateau at Kidd 55 was close to the surface of the ground, and the spring thaw would make the terrain wet and greasy and off but impossible. If drillings and other heavy equipment were to be dragged to Kidd 55 it had to be done shortly. The intelligence remained the privilege of only the tight little group centred in Texas Gulf's exploration department: the results of drill hole K-55-1, and the more tenuously knowledge that drilling was about to resume on the Kidd 55 project.

On March 30 Walter Helyk's wife bought 100 shares of Texas Gulf at \$25.87 per share. Ken Burke and some of his acquaintances at whom he had recommended the purchase of Texas Gulf were also engaged in the stock market. Burke had been in personal contact during the preceding few months with an erstwhile friend, Nancy Johnson who now lives in Atherton, Florida, and worked for the David Clark Corporation of Commerce. Miss Johnson bought 100 shares of Texas Gulf on March 30; her mother, Mrs. Madie Custer, of Phoenix, Arizona, bought 100 shares at 1,000 shares. Her friend, Steve Wenzel, of Arbutus, bought 500 shares at \$23.73 each, and Miss Johnson's son, Herbert Klein, an assistant administrator in the Commerce department, bought 100 shares at 2,000 shares.

In Toronto on March 30 Burke's brother Emerg bought a half on 500 shares at a price of 27.4%. He made a second purchase of a half on 200 shares at 21.6%. Another friend of Burke, Cameron Miller of Toronto, profited as well on 1,000 shares.

Another Paul MacNamee was also a friend of Ken Burke's and MacNamee owned about 10,000 shares in addition to those he held in Kidd 55. In 1959 he disclosed it: "We were so eager that I was a friend of Ken Burke's. I got a mortgage on my one-only house and took the money I bought shares at 1,500 dollars at a price of 22.6%. I exercised the option at 53%."

The wide holes made by the Helyks and by Burke and his acquaintances on March 30 were expensively taxed and not only because of the prospect of further drill investigation of Kidd 55. Unwittingly, the invasions were exercised the day before Texas Gulf announced a two-dollar-per-ton increase in the price of sulphur. This was bad news that was bound to affect the market price of Kidd 55 shares, and it did. Although the stock had already risen from \$22 to \$26 during March, it was to continue upward another two dollars per share in the coming week.

Chief Geologist Walter Helyk and Ken Burke were at the property when K-55-1 began drilling on the night of March 31. This was the second drill to be started onto the Kidd 55 anomaly, and it would establish that K-55-1 had not drilled "down dip" - that is, through a wide but shallow body of ore. There was the same surprise, although hardly worth contemplating, that K-55-1 had bored through a narrow vein of ore, had drilled "down a pipe".

In the evening of April 1, Helyk transmitted to Senior Vice-President Fogerty by visual estimate of the ore content of the first 64 feet of core. The next day Molhausen passed on to Fogerty his

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TEXAS GULF continued

general observations of the outcrop from K 35-3, and at the same time, Helyk's visual assay of the length from 364 feet to 192 feet. Then type of dolomite construction continued until April 1, when K 35-3 was completed at a depth of 878 feet. Visual estimates of core indicated an average copper content of 1.12 percent and an average zinc content of 7.13 percent over 641 feet of the hole.

The average gross assay values indicated by K 35-3, without regard to any silver content, was \$26.43 per ton, at price then prevailing for copper and zinc. One ton gives assay values of well more than five dollars per ton and has been profitably used from properties with similar characteristics and locations.

But geology is an exact science. What Texas Gulf had discovered, in absolute terms, were two tubular-shaped lengths of core, with rich metal values extending over 640 feet in each case. It would be absurd to suggest that the surrounding terrain, except for those lengths of core 3½ inches in diameter, was barren land. On the other hand, it would have been equally absurd to project the metal values over the entire area of the anomaly. For one, no measurements should be taken somewhere, what made K 35-1 and K 35-3 especially tantalizing was that the high ass values in each hole extended for 600 feet — about the length of two football fields.

Mining engineers for the U.S. Standards and Exchange Commission later concluded that zinc values persisted in an east-west line from K 35-3 to K 35-1 to a width of 373 feet. They further argued that, even if the core values were present for only six inches on either side of that east-west line, Texas Gulf had already found core worth \$750,000.

Beginning April 6, the SEC's chief mining engineer, said, it was most difficult to imagine that such rich ore would not extend for at least 100 feet north and south of the east-west plane delineated by K 35-1 and K 35-3. "However, it is not possible to project an estimate of core values at this time using existing engineering practice," demands that volume be proven by a third drill hole, at least in a third dimension."

That third dimension was established by the third hole drilled into the Kold 35 anomaly, designated K 35-4. It was placed 200 feet to the south of the first hole, K 35-1. K 35-4 confirmed the existence of a third dimension. It was completed in three days, by 7 p.m. on April 10, and it encountered mineralization over 366 feet of an 879-foot length. Visual estimates indicated an average copper content of 1.14 percent over the mineralized portion, and 8.24 percent overall.

Drill hole K 35-4 went out of worthwhile mineralization 24 hours before, at



the all-time level, at 7 p.m. on April 9. This was a highly significant time and date, because, for the first time, Texas Gulf had a firm indication — if not good — that the anomaly was in three dimensions.

It was at this point the SEC and that Texas Gulf had truly demonstrated a more Amazing community of ore among the three drill holes. Adelstein estimated that drilling had established 2.7 million tons of ore averaging 1.15 percent copper, 8.14 percent zinc, with a gross assay value per ton of ore of \$26.51 per ton. The gross assay value of this prospect probably was \$264.51 million.

In the subsequent trial of 15 Texas Gulf employees in charge of mineral trading, Judge Dudley Bonell of the Southern District of New York decided that Texas Gulf's exploration prior to seven o'clock on the evening of April 9 was not material. Until that time, he ruled, the company had yet to establish the probability that a body of commercial ore existed.

Before that time, therefore, he held that any information emerging from Kold 35 was not "material" in the sense that it might have been expected to substantially affect the market price of Texas Gulf shares. (Bonell's ruling on this matter was later reversed by the Court of Appeals.)

During the eight days after K 35-3 and K 35-4 were drilled, to determine the second and third dimensions of the anomaly, former Vice-President Charles Fogarty bought 800 shares, half of them at \$26.50 each on April 1, and the other 400 shares at prices between \$26.12 and \$26.87 on April 6. Hugh Cleaver bought 100 shares at \$26.87 on April 2, and Mrs. McMillan, wife of the exploration manager, purchased 100 shares at \$26.12 on April 8.

At the same time, Fogarty in discussions with President Claude Stephen formulated tentative plans to announce the progress of drilling at K 35 at the annual meeting of shareholders scheduled for April 23 in Houston at the company's principal office there. As word of the discovery was passed on to the exploration manager of the Toronto Stock Exchange and even David Crawford, Texas Gulf's secretary and manager of public and government relations, flew from New York to Houston to plot the physical setup of the annual meeting, without being aware of developments at Kold 35.

WHILE THESE PLANS were being finalized at Texas Gulf, disaster struck. The April 9 morning edition of the Toronto Globe and Mail published a story about the discovery rumors. The Toronto Daily News, meanwhile, had dispatched a reporter to Toronto to check out the rumors. These

news reports were quickly transmitted to New York by telephone and Telex. The next day, April 10, 92,700 shares of Texas Gulf changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange and the price closed at its high for the day of \$30.12.

On the morning of April 11, the New York Herald Tribune carried a front page story the first published report in the United States pertaining to Texas Gulf's remarkable discovery in Kold 35.

One of the first members of Texas Gulf's senior management to see the Herald Tribune story was David Crawford, who didn't know that Texas Gulf was exploring in Kold. Ten days earlier, he had attended the airport to the house of Texas Gulf's President Claude Stephen in Cincinnati. Stephen had not yet seen the article and asked Crawford to read it to him over the telephone.

Stephen wanted no time phoning Senator Van-Pelt Fogarty, the man with overall responsibility for all Texas Gulf's exploration. When Fogarty had apportioned himself of the newspaper article, Stephen said that Texas Gulf would use it to issue a press release to "clarify" the rumors.

For the next two or three hours, Fogarty sat at home reviewing all the information at his disposal, reread the newspaper article, and jotted down some ideas for a news release. The next morning, Fogarty

told Stephen to read the final draft of the release. Robert Carroll, a vice-president of Donnan and Company, the public-relations firm that handled Texas Gulf's account, listened in on a telephone conference. Stephen suggested no major changes, but instructed that the release should be distributed to the newspapers and wire services as soon as possible. He also suggested that since Fogarty had largely written the release, he should be seated at the podium. He read it in part:

"April 10, 1970. During the afternoon of April 10, 1970, the exploration activities of Texas Gulf Gold Company, Inc., area of Timmins, Ontario, were heavily reported in the press, coupled with rumors of a substantial copper discovery there. These reports exaggerated the scale of operations, and mention place and character of size and grade of ore that are without factual basis and baselessly originated by speculation of people not connected with TGS."

"Blasted drilling on one prospect near Timmins has led to preliminary indications that more drilling would be required for proper evaluation of this prospect. The drilling does not circle but the statements made by many outside quarters are unreliable and indicate information and figures that are not available to TGS."

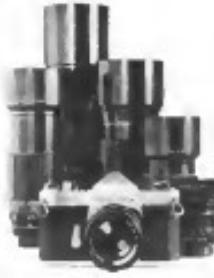
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"The work done to date has not been sufficient to assess seismic conditions and any statement as to time and grade of ore would be premature and possibly misleading."

The government later charged that this press release was false and misleading and as a strategy to deserve the public. Certainly if it was meant to cool down the stock market, it didn't have that immediate effect. Monday morning, April 13, Texas Gulf shares traded at a seven-year high of \$32.

FOUR DAYS LATER, on April 16, Texas Gulf issued a press conference and issued a second release. This was the announcement:

"Texas Gulf Sulphur Company has made a major strike of iron, copper and silver in the Timmins area of Ontario, Canada."

"Seven drill holes are now essentially complete and indicate an ore body of at least 800 feet in length, 300 feet in width and having a vertical depth of more than 800 feet."

"This is a major discovery. The preliminary data indicate a reserve of more than 23 million tons of ore. The only hole assayed so far represents over 600 feet of ore, indicating a true thickness of nearly 400 feet."

"Visual examination of cores from the first three holes indicate comparable grade and continuity of ore."

"The ore body is shallow, having only some 25 feet of overburden. This means that it can easily be worked initially by the open-pit method."

At the close of stock-market trading that day, the price of Texas Gulf shares had climbed from \$34 to \$37. Two weeks later the stock was at \$56; a year later it was \$70; ultimately, Texas Gulf stock rose to above \$150 per share.

One year and three days after the fateful press conference, the Securities and Exchange Commission filed a complaint in the United States Court for the Southern District of New York.

The complaint charged that Texas Gulf had issued a false and misleading press release to the financial media and that 13 of its officers, directors and employees had used information not generally available to the public in order to profit personally stock-market profits. The SEC said that even the first drill hole in November 1963 "gave substantial indications, if any proof, that Texas Gulf had discovered a mine of immeasurable value."

At the subsequent trial, the judge ruled in favor of Texas Gulf. But the SEC appealed the decision and a new trial was ordered. The hearing is still pending.



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PLATFORM



Opinion polls are better than ever—let's use them, says Senator Keith Davey

"Every evening when I take my little dog Happy for a walk I wonder what he does in the poker" — JOHN DEVEREUX

In THE RECENT provincial election in British Columbia, no issue was influenced by the publication of a public opinion poll — which may be one reason why people are so off in their predictions. The political polls during an election campaign is something like Mr. Donfediak and Mr. Beaton; they almost always ignore Canadian politicians in their attempts to polls. In the past 10 years the sampling of public opinion has become fundamental to the operation of all political parties and in often the most important guideline to the formulation of policy and strategy.

In Canada the pioneer of professional polling helped immensely to make Jean L'Heureux Premier of Quebec in 1960. In 1963 the federal Liberal Party knew from its poll that the party image of public concern was "unrepresentative" and that seven of 10 Canadians thought DeGaulle was doing a bad job on that issue. The strategy was clear: make unemployment the issue of the campaign and challenge Mr. DeGaulle into joining the issue. DeGaulle accepted the challenge and suffered an all-time record defeat in the 1963 election. In both 1962 and 1963 the concept of the "Pension issue" was strengthened when pollsters advised that there was some public apathy about Mr. Pearson's ability to recruit and lead a capable team. The 1963 election, far

valued an amateur version for use at the riding level. It is usually undertaken by a group of party workers, often amateurs, who must acquire some degree of disinterestedness at least for the period of the study. I have been involved personally in many number of such local studies. One interesting case in point: Toronto's Doo Valley riding in 1968. The Liberal candidate, Robert Kaplan (now a first class member of parliament), was concerned about the personal impact his Tory opponent Dalton Camp might have on the electorate (thus as a member of the Stephen team) than as someone who might be an outstanding MP). We were able to determine that for every person planning to vote for Mr. Camp for this reason, another was prepared to vote against Mr. John Diefenbaker.

Political polling has two valuable roles. First, and only this, things about which you can do something prior to election day. It is not enough to find out whether you are winning or losing — especially since you will find this out free of charge on election day. Second, you must believe and act on sound-gauge poll results. For example, while it was incomprehensible to those of us who knew him well, it was a simple fact of life that some people thought Lester Pearson was a "sober slick" — nothing was further from the truth, but in politics appropriate matters in much as fact — and strategy had to be phased with the knowledge before us.

Those who are concerned about the legitimacy of public opinion polling in politics tend to ignore several built-in arguments. They are, first, the basic loyalty of our party leaders and, second, the fact that a political party to judge itself as a program that runs counter to its philosophy. Example: in the 1965 election we knew that there would be devastating political consequences in Ontario if we failed to show forward with a moderate plan, and that there would be equally devastating consequences in Alberta if we did pursue moderate. The plan was included, but only a rhyme could relate in inclusion to the fact that there are four times as many seats in Ontario as in Alberta.

We are often asked upon it, any scientific measurement of public attitudes simply points the way to democracy. An society becomes more and more complicated, polling becomes an increasingly significant way of determining individual needs and ensuring needs indeed, we may characterize our society as ever more complex and confused. Democracy. Until we do, the public opinion study is simply a useful tool in the hands of those who seek to understand the nation and improve our government.

NEXT MONTH: Charlie Taylor

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How Dr. Spock
was forced to
argue a
splendid cause
in a small way

For those of us who attended the trial every day, the courtroom was an enclosed world with a life of its own, not unlike life aboard a cruise ship.

EVEN THOUGH every court reporter, every tyro barrister knows that reading testimony is like a royal box at the Cannes Comedy, a vantage point to witness the small dramas of life. We took a beach in Ruth a drawing courtroom a rational and mildly eccentric English noblewoman named Jessie McLeod sat with some 60 colleagues of the world's press to report the trial for conspiracy of Dr Benjamin Spock, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., Michael Perlin, Mitchell Goodman and Marcus Raskin.

The庭上開廷 proceedings is Judge Frank J. W. Neely's overstatement on the 12th floor of the Boston Post Office Building will not be lost on enthusiasts that among the world's great trials. They helped produce Dreyfus's fury, a discrediting Darrow. That was a trial of great fire, stoked by Ingrams with pick-creamed beefs, in the dusty Belvoirka tradition of Dodson and Fogg.

It might have been different, for the accused were not adherents their challenge to authority not until Spock, the pacifist, big-hearted baby doctor, loused in the box like a grumpy symbol of the decent Yankie. His *Cosmopolitan* *Sexual Book of Baby and Child Care* was second only to the Bible among best sellers; after 50 years of patient orthodoxy, he had been moved to denounce a Vietnam war he called "really, absolutely, illegal."

The "Junior Posse" had invited protesters, but they had not cooperated — they hadn't known each other. Individually, they were Americans converging to burn or carry a draft card. They were prompted, a Justice Department official told Miss McLeod, "to provide a goodly way out" for Gen. Lewis Hershey, then a figure of controversy for urging that young men who demonstrated against the draft laws be subject to non-violent civil disobedience. The fire had ignited charges of encroaching communism to burn their draft cards, they hadn't expected charges of conspiracy, which

broadened the rules of evidence. Disaggregating testimony against one defendant, which would normally be ruled out as allowed to be heard before it is admissible against another. Immaculate on the law by 85-year-old Judge Ford, a jolly friend of Justice Rankin galley. The fire were much reduced to two years in penitentiary, but the convictions were reversed by a court of appeal.

The charge was conspiracy, something the five were obliged to deny. Dabachy added by what Miss McLeod maliciously terms "a pride of lawyers," these leaders of the peace movement were impelled to justify themselves. They rationalized. They dissembled. What began for them as a moral crusade against the world's greatest military power was Dismayed and Fagged into the patriotic lexicon. In Coffin's regretful phrase, "Few frustrations are comparable to those of having to argue a big case in a small way."

The greatest revenge in the Spock trial, Miss McLeod asserts, "came over loud and clear": you are not at free as you think you are. The message of the war protesters was

that if you have experienced a bit of incarceration,

The Trial of Dr. Spock, Random House, \$8.95.



BOOKS

BY PHILIP SYKES

sadly muffled. Only on the evening after the conviction, when the Spock and his like honeymooned, was there the warmth of realization, a sense across standing ovation. "Father House bar regulars, trucking students, Keweenaw convention types, middle-aged couples out for a night on the town — all clapping as though their lives depended on it, all for that head scratcher no-conspirator."

The trial record isn't all. When the moves from reporting to commentary, Jessie McLeod deserves in Spock a "harrowing personification of wrath." As coolly, as good-humoredly as she indicted the funeral industry in her *America's Way of Death*, she here refutes the conspiracy theory, the insatiable judge, the overawed jury. Her low-keyed attack is more raking than stabs. She is there in the courtroom, and so are you. She appreciates her light-grey berries in an urbane voice, but for her they are serious still. Her impersonal tone is right. For surely, in the reporting of the trials of the last century, you have experienced a bit of incarceration.

The Trial of Dr. Spock, Random House, \$8.95.

The man who foretold Hitler's hammering

FOR ALMOST 25 years Guy Frêche reported Ottawa to Canadians through the pages of Melville's establishing an unrivaled reputation for cogent wisdom and occasional prophecy. Now, 18 months after his death in a swimming accident, has come here published a collection of his reports, lectures and letters. It comes as a striking reminder of the span of his interests. He was a most acute parliamentary reporter. Three years before John Diefenbaker became Conservative leader, Frêche was documenting an "almost matched contest" in Ontario, 15 months before Diefenbaker's first electoral victory. Frêche was warning of an impending ("Gangsterism") ("the twilight of the Gods"). He was a shrewd world

traveler from World War II to China's cultural awakening. His passion for the wilderness and the north is reflected in two essays. And what the collector珍惜的是 Frêche's role as an English Canadian who understood Quebec, where he spent the first half of his working life. In 1945 he was quizzing Quebec City politicians about payoffs for liquor licenses under Duplessis, and in 1958 he was defining René Lévesque as the national's separator. His sensitivity to French-Canadian feeling was part of Frêche's specially outlined quality, and the collection represents it well.

After Frêche Reports, edited by John and Graham Frêche, Macmillan, \$7.95. □



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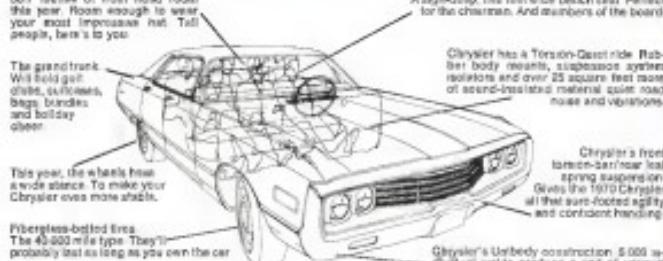
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No wonder Canadian TV is mediocre. Even the network buyers can't tell trips from steaks.

CANADIAN TELEVISION, TO FLICH a phrase from Raoul Lévyque, is a medium "not like the others." We've always known that, intuitively. What we sometimes forget, is with Quebec, are the precise reasons for its peculiar identity. The image grows fuzzy and in order to understand what's going on we have to bring certain qualifications into play.

The most important fact is that most of our TV networks, unlike other entertainment media, are not foreign TV stations, is principally productive. The bulk of their content originates somewhere else. Again from sports, reference programs and *The Friendly Quiz*, what have we? The incredible Diamond Lil and a couple of tag-along predecessors, McQueen or otherwise his host, Gordon Smiley being notably rude, *Caf' Conn'*, the odd special. Truly does better than that hell, as does *Indeed*.

Fact #1: rather than being active production entities, the Canadian networks are elaborate sales agencies. Rather than being creatively resolved, the men who run Canadian TV are mostly purchasing agents.

Much as we may resent about that situation, it's not likely to change. Instead, look on the bright side. Because of pre-existing agreements, we are privileged to see the Hollywood imports a few days after they first appear on American television. Looked at this fall, that's due to the CBC, no could take chauvinistic pride in being the first to know that.

The *Debra Reynolds Show* is a prime example. *Abbey*, shaped by the same hands that made *Lucy* a hit in houses around the world (including, as we now know, Buckingham Palace), the show has a fundamental, irreducible flaw. Miss Reynolds is without a pedigree of comic talent.

The *Governor and J.J.* is a strikingly badly shaped but serviceable vehicle for a portly Don S. Williams. In the political drama it struts to lop-sided, this show has a low-rental profile but a high survival quotient.

The *Bill Cosby Show*, on the other hand, has a hawking shrew but will need lots of patient nursing by loyal

Castley fans if it's to prosper. The first episodes were as fragile as midnight lace, as inconsistent as a half-longer blues song. Cosby's laugard, insistent manner provided sufficient compensating in *J. Spy* but later turned into tedium when it's the case theme of a half-hour show.

The *Gold Digger*, with those romancing casts and production crews, is inevitably uneven. Generally, however, there's a welcome combination of crisp, expanded scripts and adventures (for TV) editing. At the climax of one plot, the hero's little dog begins with a determined insistence on running across the screen, which causes us viewers outside to show two fingers clenching in on the house. *Miranda* didn't do so well, *Breakfast* in Hollywood at least.

The *Gold Digger*, although a good bet, is far from being the sort of the 22 new shows Hollywood launched this fall. The two that stand out are *Then Came Bronson* and *Rose 222*.

Bronson is one man's trans-continental motorcycle Odyssey, an example of the search-for-meaning genre that began with *On the Road* and ran through *James Dean to Easy Rider*. The series is beautifully photographed and the plots are developed with rare intelligence and sensitivity.

Rose 222, on an integrated Los Angeles high school, is a near-perfect series of topical drama and absurd comedy. The show also boasts Michael Caine, the long-suffering star of *Get Carter* in 1971. *How Long?* is the funniest supporting player in TV.

These, then, are the cases of the new offerings. A couple of others, *The New People* and *Mr. Deirdre Gorski*, Town, also those considerable prestige. *Antisocialism*, not one of the four being carried by either Canadian network (although CTV's Toronto station did have the wit to pick up *Rose 222* independently).

Apparently these shows didn't appeal to the tastes of the purchasing agents we call program chiefs. As a result, the viewers cut them in the Canadian hinterland. Those viewers who depend on the domestic networks for their TV fare, will just have to be satisfied with *Influence*.

Perhaps I'm being uncharitable



TELEVISION
BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

The decision to buy Debbie Reynolds and replace Rose 222 could have been instigated as a master stroke of anti-American propaganda by a fervently nationalist cell within the CBC. If that's so, an anti-British cell is at work, too. This year at least two favorite BBC series have so far been dumped to *Canadian One*. *Til Death Do Us Part*, in a bizarre series of lottery. The other, a serial production of *University's*, *People Like Us*, has been acclaimed all over Europe. Even the Russians have seen it and now Canadians have to settle for *Commission Street* and such duds as *CTV's Justice Repair* (just to be confused with *Detour*).

The truth is Canadian TV is a meadow, not like the others, because of a production by both networks to prefer the mediocre, to gain the money on self-sustaining series, to undermine the audiences they serve. It may be futile to hope the networks will ever be much more than community affairs on a national scale, pulling in programs from abroad and piping them out again. But there are valid grounds for demanding that what they pull in is the best available.

If we must become a cultural satellite, we should succeed in style. □

Royal mutilation

THE CURRENTLY much TV person, *Royal Family*, probably did more to undermine the stock of the monarchy than anything since Queen III's behind-the-scenes death. What most Canadians don't realize, however, is that the CBC as well as the *Shorty* gang, or a majority of the Canadian public, did the same.

The original BBC-TV production ran an uncut, 105-minute version. The American CBS network, with its rigid time slots, actually wanted this cut down to 90 minutes. A further eagle-eyed editor had to cut out the *Shorty* sequence in the version the CBC chose to buy.

Thus Canadians were deprived of more than 20 extra minutes of some of their own royal family. Since the CBC is a Crown corporation, it seems reasonable that the public can access the original work of art instead of the American *Randall's Days* style condensation.

Johnnie Walker.

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The Easy Riders are acid-head messiahs of an opt-out creed: "Give up on America and save ourselves."

site seems to be a superbly produced and persuasive film, open to a variety of responses and interpretations. On one level it could be argued that *Easy Rider* is the latest "sovereign-Hollywood" self-fagitation extravaganza, following on *The Godfather* and *The Godfather II*.

Actor Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper produced and directed *Easy Rider* and play its two leading characters, Wyatt and Billy (Robert Walker Jr., son of the late Robert Walker), plus the very capable part of Jack, the hippie companion. *Easy Rider* can be viewed as the very personal statement of young Hollywood in rebellion against the old Los Angeles-Louis C. Moyer mentality of Pagan Henry Fonda and Robert Walker and Mamas Rita Hayworth and Julie Gordan.

Sociologue Levin Pepler has argued that the student-power, premium-pop rebellion is simply the current stage for acting out the Capitalist rebellion of the son against the father. In Pepler's words, *Easy Rider* could be the ultimate expression of the Hollywood family in Capitalist rebellion.

Peter Fonda's double of Pagan Henry is as well known in his brother with the law over drug store. In *Easy Rider* neither Fonda, Hopper nor Walker makes any pronouncements about potential use of drugs, but they suggest they've had their share.

Drugs are hardly new in Hollywood. Set the "Moby" cameras in Jacqueline Susann's *Valley Girl* served a far different purpose and message. That Hollywood was time-dominated and work-driven, the birth problem of vacuum demanded a sharp gal, a wake-up gal, and a gal to meet the demanding commitments of studio schedules. That Hollywood symbolized the Puritan ethic with a monkey on its back.

The drug culture in *Easy Rider* is much different. Freed from the demands of time and studio discipline it implants in the very structure of the film. The studio is abandoned for the motorcycle and the open road. Locations are picked up on the way and added into the story theme. The tyranny of time is symbolically dissolved when Wyatt throws away his wrist-



FILMS

BY LARRY ZOLF

watch as the odyssey across America begins. Pot and sex are witness to the hope and the glory they see used to liberate, to expand, to clear away the cobwebs of the bourgeois mind.

But if on one level *Easy Rider* is young Hollywood in autobiography, on another level its approach is much more universal, more interesting and more convincing. The sons and daughters of success, the middle-class teenagers who have left home and family to ride with The audience finds Easy Rider and for the most part young people, their attitude to the film is one of involvement and consciousness, bordering on a religious awe and mystique.

More described religion as the opposite of the masses, in *Easy Rider*, opposite is the new religion Delibes' analogies with early Christianity and the Christian experience shared Wyatt and Billy are Christians like figures. The hippie communists resemble the lifestyle of the Essenes. George Harrison's first surpresa epiphany is baptism. Wyatt, Billy and the two hookers riding along and in consciousness. The beatnik, ascetic, killing of Wyatt and Billy is Crucifixion.



Peter Fonda as Wyatt in a drug culture that rides to the open road.

The Americans they all travel across a Route, theurbane, middle-class, depressive Route in full decline and fall. The message preached by Wyatt and Billy resembles the twisted apocalyptic of the Puritan Creed. Both offer a new look at reality and both try to take over the minds of men. As Chomsky wrote off Route, the acid-heads wrote off America. Both address extraterritorial affairs in the quest for personal salvation.

Like the Puritan Creed, the dogmas of *Easy Rider* are benevolent and benevolent. Citizenship is the full of Route on the unconvincing alliance of the ends of Route with the opt-out creed of Christianity. From disgruntled routes the opposites of both consigned to destroy the glories of Route.

"A man went looking for America and couldn't find it anywhere," says *Easy Rider*. What he found instead was the brutalized theory of drug-experiencing Wallace America. If that's all that's left of the American Dream, then the opt-out solution of the purposed model trip must be the only way out.

The Dark Age followed the glories of Route. What presumably will follow is the new uncharitable alliance of the Wallacists and the acid-heads in a New Dark Age.

What disturbed me was the righteous symbolism of the young people in *Easy Rider*, with the dogmas of *Easy Rider* so unconvincingly and tyrannically reinforced the new Route. Below mind. What massaud and me are the publicity brouillards and press hoaxes provided by Columbia Pictures, the distributors of *Easy Rider*.

For *Easy Rider*'s a touch of the preacher in Hopper and Fonda, there's a touch of the Biblical shtetl, too. "Go after the *Easy Rider* generation," the press books practice. "Involve students, parents and educators in panel discussions, lectures on the so-called generation gap. Arrange for school-publication 'courses.'" Etc., etc. Yes, folks, there's a lot of life still left in quick-brick America. Who knows, maybe it can buy some time for my own weary pessimism and perhaps, even, for the next one to come. □

How does the artist
get a square deal
in this age of larceny
by copying machine?



THE LIVELY ARTS

BY MAYOR MOORE

THAT MUSIC YOU hear piped through your Air Canada jetliner may be the composer's royalty. When the same composition is piped through the airport, it helps nothing. This triumph of inconsistency causes, like many others, from the Canadian Copyright Act of 1924. It requires no royalty for performances by "phonograph" (the support uses a flat disc on a turntable) but fails to exempt tape (used ahead of time) or the plane; of course, the tape recorder was not yet invented in 1924.

One prominent lawyer describes the Act, which is to protect works of art, as "a dreadful, obscure mass without a trace of reasoning in some quarters." Even in the latest printing (1992) ruled off the Queen's Royal Order's old-fashioned printer, the Dooley of copyright matters, tape recorders and performers were gathering dust.

The result has been not law but anxiety. The biggest consumer of books in our society is the educational system — which is also the biggest spender. It is doubtful that any of our universities, or many of our schools and libraries, could manage today without photocopy machines daily breaking the law by multiplying chapters, sonatas and short stories from almost every property.

In a belated attempt to control the flood, the federal government has a committee of civil servants working on a new copyright law. The Economic Council of Canada (a curious body to advise on the economy that pre-emptively demotes itself) is preparing a report to guide the committee.

But even with an improved law, can the whole apparatus of copyright, which embodies the essentially negative concept of protection, cope with a world in which the public demands for copies outstrips and erodes the protective concept? The Copyright Law monopoly is even more futile in 1992. The power—and therefore the control—rests not with the original creators of works of art, but with the distributors and their army of robot copies.

Today, huge corporations buy and sell art with captions longer than the water is now the guy we only

one of the guys) who connects continuity or dialogue to stories we never thought up by a non-president. The finished tawny product can be photographed, heard or recorded at home or office by anyone with the price of the appropriate gadget.

How do you play "Who Owns the Copyright?" when an anonymous guy picks up four kals off any steel, mashes them a hot arrangement of any old song, and turns the package into a million-dollar quartet by skillful promotion, or when computers (the platters of mechanical men) can churn out non-fiction, non novels and orbit for an art and quasi market? When best-selling books, songs and films look and sound like pass from the same pool, how do you protect, not just literary, but musical and photographic rights? How is a full public participation to be performed in full public view, with the public's backlog?

Surely it is high time we looked at alternative systems, if only because the present one is in costly as it is inefficient. Its main beneficiaries are neither the creators nor the public, but agents and lawyers.

No one would dispute that a creative artist must get a fair return on the time, labor and talent he invests in what international law calls "intellectual property." The question is, rather, how he gets best be properly paid.

To achieve this, at least two practical alternatives to the current copyright system exist, and they could be extended to cover all the arts.

One is the redistribution tax. Some European countries, for example, tax import firms to divide the revenues to their own film industry.

The most familiar Canadian example is that of the arts councils — federal, provincial and occasionally municipal. Financed mostly from tax revenue, they give grants to groups and individuals, to the point where most of the "intellectual property" we possess would collapse without it. Expanding the technique, the individual writer or artist could be paid by the government, out of tax revenues.

The political objection, that this would give full state control of the arts, gains little validation from the history of current councils. It also fails to consider the present dictatorship

over books and other teaching materials exercised by provincial departments of education. Cities make control, it is a question not of whether but of which.

If a tax were politically unfeasible, a similar technique already exists in the music sector, the licensing fee levied, by law, on all institutions to cover musical presentations, and payable to CAPAC (Composers Authors and Publishers Association of Canada). Fees thus collected are then distributed to the members according to the contributions of each. It does not like much imagination to envisage a similar system in which professional art associations of all kinds could collect fees on behalf of their members — and, in fact, this is increasingly the practice in European countries. Books, too, and fine art probably have two crucial benefits. The artist is in need of the revenue (now established) task of policing his own copyright, and the collecting is done on a broad basis regardless of the number of creator units. Both may be likened to an "ALL YOU CAN EAT FOR \$1.99" restaurant policy, instead of the meal costed item by item. Neither is without its difficulties and dangers, but these pale beside the legalistic rigmarole ahead for the present suspicious system.

The principal barrier facing the introduction of any new system in our country is that the existing copyright laws are embedded in international conventions that a start must be made somewhere. Canada is not alone.

Another difficulty would be to convince the writers and artists that they must either get deeply involved in distribution, or in large numbers arrange personal command of the fate of their works. Here it is instructive to reflect on the case of the incident Under the law, as written, any copyright holder has damages but not the "holding itself" or "possession or conditions of construction." Once it is theft, no one pays for the right to use his handwriting, or to photograph or film it, or even to copy his whole concept.

Holding him suitably compensated in the first place, he goes on to design another building, letting plagiarists and computers do their work. □

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